THE COMMONWEAL

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THE SOLDIER SPEAKS

THE series of resolutions passed by the American Legion in its seventh annual convention at Omaha make a very important document indeed. The more it is studied the greater does its importance grow. An old proverb tells us—"When war is over and the wrong righted, God is forgotten and the soldier slighted." But if the soldier is forgotten, he does not forget. Least of all does he forget if he is a man who, in the midst of activities which never contemplated war as a possibility affecting himself, has had his career disrupted, two or three of its most precious and formative years torn from his calendar, and who, while he is striving to pick up the threads again is forced to listen to the old jangle of international rivalries, threatening to head the world back to what severed them.

From the professional soldier—the soldier by trade—it is too much to expect anything but a professional view of war. It is not even quite certain that, if anything else came, we should appreciate it. The soldier of old days—the citizen in uniform who manned and officered standing armies, was recognized as a man apart. That he should pronounce on the merits or demerits of foreign policy was a thing contrary to etiquette and "esprit de corps;" things which, whether we approve them or no, are far stronger than reason. He was, in the blunt words of Matthew's centurion, "a man subject to authority, having under me others." If he welcomed war (and there is no doubt he did) he welcomed it from a wholly manly and worthy motive. It was the supreme test which should give meaning and justification to long years of monotonous preparation. No one grudged him the honors and promotion which it brought him, since they were stakes against which he played his life. But, equally, no one looked to him for corporate action in the cause of peace.

The great war was unlike all previous wars in many respects, but most of all in this. For the first time it invaded national life for a cause that was not primarily a national concern. That the draft was loyally and cheerfully borne by all but a trifling minority of the nation is not in question for a moment. Neither is the fact that a vast national reserve of military talent and aptitude for arms was revealed by it; capable, after a few months' intensive training, of taking its place by men who made soldiering their life work. What is more important in the present conjuncture is that it broke down the conception of the army as a caste. The respect we pay the regular sol-

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dier is not diminished. But he must from now on share this consideration with a vast number of men in civil life who will be soldiers whenever a national emergency arises. Modern wars are too big for him to handle alone. When the doors of the Temple of Janus turn outward on their hinges today, the thrill that passes through the male population of fighting age is a personal and intimate affair. Everyone who, in Mr. Shane Leslie's phrase, is "cannonable" at all, is "in."

As an immediate result of the late war, we possess, and shall possess for many years, a large population of civilians who know war at first hand. No etiquette nor "rule of the service" closes their mouths. The Legion resolutions show what we may expect from them. It is hard to imagine anything of better augury if or when the possibility of being stampeded into another war looms as a possibility, than their sane and temperate comments. "No other persons," declares their preamble, "know so well the nature of modern war, its horrors and evils, as do the members of the American Legion."

This is well put. The only fault, if fault it be, that can be found with it, is that it does not mention another fact, which none know better or from more bitter experience than old combatants "returned to civil life." Death is short and sharp, and the common lot. Bereavement is bitter, but beyond the compass of the state or of anything human to allay. Sickness and disability, with a few glaring exceptions that excited indignation when they were exposed, have been grappled with. But what gave the last war its peculiar hideousness, socially considered, was the inequity which helped certain mean and avaricious men, with no patriotic vision at all, to reap rich profits from the world's blood and tears, while letting the economic burden fall squarely upon the shoulders of men, the very worth of whose patriotism made personal profit unthinkable. In every country which contributed its quota of men and resources, victor or vanquished alike, the ugly face of the profiteer emerged at the end. The smoke that covered so much obscure bravery and devotion, was a screen behind which his greed reaped its harvest. For anything approaching an uprising of national conscience against the scandal, the world has waited in vain. Sometimes it seems that the faculty of honest indignation, like the great god, Baal, "is dead, or maybe sleeping." But that it was in the minds of the men at Omaha, old soldiers, all, seems clear from their third resolution, which calls for "the prompt enactment into law of the principle of the universal draft." The conscription of flesh and blood while wealth goes scot free must take its place as one of the evil mistakes of the past. The question whether war is worth while must never again be put to men who can answer it slapping their pockets and with a chuckle in their throats.

Of suggestions as to how to realize what has hitherto been dismissed as the pious vision of a world at peace, and with no wars lurking at the hidden end of its activities, the Legion gives us good measure. Towards the League of Nations its support may be considered temperate by intemperate champions of that much discussed panacea. But the mere fact of its mention gains immeasurable importance from the fact that it is the first Legion conference in which it has been so overtly referred to. That old compromise, an American "observer," is all that is suggested at present. But if the further recommendation, that he be a mouthpiece for full and frank publicity as to proceedings, bear any fruit, one of the chief reproaches in American eyes to its work and methods will have been removed.

Even more important and directly in line with the work which The Commonweal is making its objective, is the seventh resolution, whose opening words are worth quoting literally. "We urge writers and teachers of the youth of our land to inculcate in their pupils an appreciation, not only of our own national virtues, but also of those of other nations and races, and an understanding with and sympathy for their glories and ideals." Such a resolution, passed by the category of our citizenship who have a right, bought at the price of two years of devotion and discipline, to set the fitting bounds to the temper of patriotism, is almost limitless in its possibilities for good. It sets itself squarely against the narrow and sinister current of national self-glorification and self-righteousness, which, whether it masquerade under the cloak of belligerent nationalism, sectarianism, or simply aloofness, is robbing American life of grace and color, and cheating her people of the rich interchange of thought and feeling that comes from being one, intellectually and spiritually, in a community of nations. At least the men who propose, in the sixth resolution passed at Omaha, "close coöperation with the Fidac* in carrying out its educational program adopted at its recent convention in Rome for the purpose of educating the youths of the nation to understand, sympathize and coöperate with those of other countries," are not likely to agree that the first duty of America to the immigrant is to invite him to jettison his inherited culture before he lands, in order that he may emerge from the ordeal of learning the American Constitution, a "tabula rasa," or blank sheet, on which some standardized design, arbitrarily conceived by men of one racial stock and of all but one religion, may be inscribed. The Legion resolutions come like a breath of fresh air through the fog of post-war bigotry. The repercussion of their frank comradeship should not only make wars harder, but put an effective crimp in the meaner and more furtive campaign that breeds the war spirit at home by setting man against man on grounds of faith and blood.

* *Fédération Internationale des Anciens Combattants* (*International Federation of Veterans of the War*).

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WEEK BY WEEK

THE Locarno compacts were signed amid surroundings of unusual splendor. The stage was set brilliantly for an event which European statesmen consider the best communal guarantee of peace to have been arrived at during a century; and it was felt that the powerful agencies of publicity should bring home to the common people the reality of international concord with just as much force as aeroplanes and recruiting sergeants drive home the truth of war. Most certainly the important thing about Locarno is the opportunity it provided for attaching glamor to the business of treaty-making. There men came together who only a few years ago looked upon each other as natural and lasting enemies. There, while parliaments were hushed and the world listened, a definite statutory mandate against militarism was underwritten. There, in the shadow of abiding mountains, representative statesmen came at least very near to the rediscovery of a fundamental principle—that society depends upon the compromise of privileges and ambitions.

IT is easy to overstate the case of Locarno. An achievement so fundamentally different in purpose from the professed political aims of the past dozen years may easily seem the threshold of the millennium. Though the optimism of the moment is salutary and justifiable, it must not be forgotten that the Europe which rallied at Locarno is a very sick and anaemic Europe. Its financial burdens are appallingly heavy. The system of colonization upon which it depended for the development of its energies has been deranged and vitiated by the inevitable working-out of evil imperialistic methods. Many wounds are still wholly unhealed. These new compacts are not in themselves constructive: they merely remove certain dangerous obstacles to reconstruction. And so Americans, hailing the success of an arrangement which Europe owes primarily to a new triumvirate of statesmen—Sir Austen Chamberlain, Herr Luther and M. Briand—know that very much remains to be done, in which their country may find work equal to its powers and its idealism.

STATESMEN have often gambled with their country's finances, but perhaps none has ever gambled so dramatically as M. Briand—on a margin of six votes. Everybody knows that the expedient of inflating the franc to the limit is unsafe; everybody understands that the tax measures rushed through the Chamber cannot begin to stabilize either the budget or the currency. M. Briand's capital levy, if one may so term it, is concerned with the famous "imponderables"—French courage and willingness to work, French optimism and prestige of character. It remains to be seen if these qualities are as efficient in the auditing room as on the battlefield. We should like them better if they could be seen apart from the rather uninspired figure of M. Loucheur. Plainly M. Loucheur does not know where he is to begin work. For as many years as he has been in the public eye he has not known where to begin work. Circumstances indicate, however, that the first French drive will be centered upon Washington. Success or failure there will decide the relative longevity of the Briand government, because it becomes more and more apparent that settlement of the debts is the key to French financial recovery.

THE weeks which have passed since the collapse of Caillaux have stressed the necessity for generosity on the part of the United States. The press has rather generally insisted upon a few pertinent financial facts. Our absence from the enterprise of Locarno was a significant suggestion that we might find ourselves overlooked in conferences of more immediate importance to us. But no one of these things is so momentous as the fact that Mr. Coolidge has conceded the rightfulness of a frank advocacy of the World Court. While this does not mean—and should not mean—the abandonment of the policy of isolation from European political adventure, it does indicate that even the administration has recognized the importance of our continuing to be an active world power. And to the unhampered use of our international influence there exists only one obstacle—the unpaid French debt. That we cannot remove by a simple act of quixotic forgetfulness. But we can assist in getting it out of the way by adopting a policy of plain and sane generosity.

READINESS to admit that religion is one of the "separate and irreducible elements which constitute the spiritual environment of the child" is an important

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aspect of Dr. Butler's very able annual report to the trustees of Columbia University. Educators who are at all aware of the problem of moral discipline in its present American proportions, cannot any longer dodge the fact that a very great number of children are "growing up without religious influence or teaching of any sort." Dr. Butler declares that public opinion and the idea of tax-supported schools do not make room for the teaching of Christian doctrine on the same basis as the teaching of science or literature, and places the burden upon the family and the church. "Of all the many different branches of the Christian Church which are represented in the United States," he says, "it is probably the Roman Catholic Church alone which makes serious, systematic, and highly organized effort to give genuine religious training to the children of its faith. The so-called Sunday schools of the Protestant churches, with here and there honorable and highly commendable exceptions, are, educationally speaking, of little avail, and it would be no exaggeration to describe their influence as factors in religious education as almost negligible."

THIS is a liberal and apt tribute, and if it is associated with similar expressions of opinion, it should gradually stimulate public consciousness of two great realities—the genuine civic value of the work now being accomplished, at great cost, by Catholic educators who ask only for peace from narrow-minded opposition, and the possibility of establishing gradually some system of denominational education which would benefit all creeds as it would benefit the state. But one must admit that Dr. Butler's analysis of the courses of instruction in religious subjects now offered at Columbia is hardly reassuring. If "the aim of the instruction is to examine, in scholarly fashion and with impartiality, what religion is and what part religion has played in the history of the human race," it is difficult to see in it anything but an arid eclecticism which bears the same resemblance to the beautiful culture of the Faith as after-dinner speaking bears to the conscientious performance of civic obligations.

THE modesty of Falstaff is quite as interesting as the modesty of the shrinking violet. There is, however, a distinction—a subtle difference which is hinted at by the letter which Mr. Clinton Howard, of Rochester, New York, has addressed to the Holy Father. Not many men rise to fame on the strength of a single epistle; but the style of Mr. Howard is so individual that it could not escape its destiny of immediate immortality. There is an epic note in these lines—"Our people, wishing to be a sober nation, have put into their fundamental law a decree forbidding the manufacture, sale and distribution of intoxicants used for beverage purposes." What an image is here, of a noble, puissant nation spanking itself toward sobriety with the help of a decree and an army of retainers—in which Mr. Howard is a kind of supernumerary and unofficial corporal! But the Iliad has its Cassandra, and the letter in question its moment of retrospect and prophecy—"As a friend of Catholics, as well as spokesman of many patriotic citizens, I am filled with deep regret in bringing to the attention of your Holiness the fact that the seeming indifference, if not opposition, on the part of so many Catholics to the enforcement of our prohibition law has created a great deal of opposition to the Catholic Church, and did much to call into existence the Ku Klux Klan."

THERE is, perhaps, no effrontery like that of friendship; and like the Queen of France, most of us pray for protection against the inexhaustibly amiable. But the letter has a point, though not precisely the one emphasized by Mr. Howard. What right have the blurbs of partisanship to assume that Catholics are of one mind, either positive or negative, on a subject so wholly independent of patriotism as the Volstead act? Many a prelate, cleric and layman of the Church is outspokenly opposed to the manufacture and sale of liquor. But their reasons for this stand are quite different from the motives which have inspired that aggregation of the elect which Mr. Howard has codified for us under the name of the Klan. We ourselves hold that the time has come to distinguish, as intelligent men in all groups are distinguishing, between the Constitutional Amendment and the Volstead act. We feel that the United States should not be hounded into legalized labyrinths which are as absurd as they are baneful. But after all, no length of boot-straps will make Mr. Howard tall enough to insult the Catholic body. Having lectured and rebuked President Coolidge just before he assumed the rôle of advisor to the Pope, tomorrow probably he will address another letter to the president of the Modern Language Association, protesting the anti-prohibitional mentality of scholars and professors. And before the week is over, he may remember to advise Santa Claus, in an ornate epistle, to avoid houses wherein the cellars are not "soberly" dry. As for the association of the names of one Catholic priest and one Catholic layman with Mr. Howard's queer performance, it is well to reserve judgment until we know whether or not they gave to Mr. Howard anything more than the use of their names on the letter-heads of Mr. Howard's organization—which has now been disowned by other prohibition societies annoyed by Mr. Howard's tactless behavior toward the President.

DURING the past week every lover of letters has been sympathizing with the veteran author of Kim, and Plain Tales from the Hills, and wishing him well in his plucky fight with pneumonia (the second he has been called on to wage) no longer in brawling New York, but far away in quiet Burwash. In retrospect the era, not so very long ago, when the figures of

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Roosevelt and Kipling absolutely held the world's imagination, seems strange and far away. Imperialism —the material success of which the British empire was so astounding an example—suddenly became invested with the properties of a religion. Even God was Anglo-Saxon, and it was possible, sincerely and reverently and in the verses of a recessional hymn to refer to "lesser breeds without the law." Kipling never owned his mistake. But in the horror of four years' war, in the millions of workless men who mill and swarm around trade exits no longer adequate, it must have come to him that wealth can accumulate and men decay, that national rivalries are no less perilous for being smeared with an overlay of racial self-righteousness, that impoverishment of spirit at home is a heavy price to pay for glittering Durbars and imperial junketings abroad.

A GENERATION has arisen to whom the Kipling ideals, if not quite discredited, have lost much of the glamor his writings helped to lend them, and one imagines him watching the new order with a mournful and preoccupied eye. Perhaps his choice of a spot in which to spend the evening of his days, not in any of the piled-up cities and ports past which the pageant of his empire moves in never-ending procession, but in a homely little village where everything speaks of the little things and humble things which imperialism has ravaged is a gesture more eloquent than any printed confession of error. Kipling is a bigger man than any of those who have set his haunting lyrics to cornet and banjo. And he has always refused a title. That alone should endear him to the country in which he once tried, and failed, to make his home.

A STRANGE story reached the world last week from the lonely Chilko Lake district in British Columbia, where a prospector named Fred Cyr is guiding a coroner's jury to the slain body of a man whom he claims he shot in self-defense. For many years Alexander Ducharme, a trapper and hunter, had lived happily in this secluded section, gaining his living by snaring and skinning the beasts that roamed round his door, and tasting the joy of rough and primitive life that is the inheritance of the French-Canadian "coureur des bois" since the day of heroic Isaac Jogues and his companions in martyrdom. What all men have been taught to look upon as the acme of good luck brought about his undoing and death. Gold was found upon his property by Cyr and the suggestion that the two men work upon the lode together seems to have been made him. But Ducharme was that unimaginable creature, a man who had no use for money. That the wild little kingdom which he had grown to regard as his own should be invaded by a motley crew of gold-seekers, his trees cut down, his furry quarry driven away, and his life uprooted for the mere sake of becoming rich, was an intolerable thought. Rather than that this should happen, he insisted that his new friend should lock his secret in his breast, abandon prospecting and settle down with him in his trade of woodcraft. Quarrels followed, and their result is the tragedy on which a coroner's jury will have to pronounce.

READERS with any knowledge of California's beginnings will be vividly reminded by this tragic history of the fantastic and scarcely less tragic story of the discovery of gold in January, 1848, at Coloma, near San Francisco. The land on which it was found was the property by old Spanish charter of one Johann August Sutter, a Swiss fugitive from justice, who, ten years before, had settled in the neighborhood and undertaken an immense enterprise of tillage and stock-raising upon lands abandoned when the worthless Mexican government of the day expropriated the friars. That gold existed in the country had been known for years to the Franciscans, but these men of prayer and toil shared Alexander Ducharme's views upon the advantages of wealth and kept their own counsel. Its unlooked-for discovery, or re-discovery, followed the chance blow of a pick by a carpenter named Marshall, a native of New Jersey, who was giving a hand in making foundations for a saw-mill. It not only changed the course of history, but incidentally ruined Sutter. A rush from all over the world set in, land was seized by squatters and prospectors, and owing to the dubious nature of his title, superseded as it was by the conquest of California for the union, he was never able to make head against the new settlers. He might have recognized the force of facts and compromised on a sum that would have left him very rich. But, like the slain trapper in the wilds of Chilko, Sutter was a stubborn and unworldly man, who chose to spend the rest of his life in a long drawn-out battle for what he conceived were his rights. The shabby old litigant for a lost cause was for years a familiar figure in Washington, where he haunted the law courts and government offices, and where he died on June 17, 1880, practically destitute. If ever the world changes its mind as to first values and erects a pantheon for martyrs to unworldliness, Ducharme would seem to deserve a niche not far from Johann August Sutter, the man whom gold ruined, and whose tragic story we are to have soon in a vivid translation from a book by the French poet Blaise Cendrars.

THE news that butlers are "beginning author" in London will cause no great surprise. The public avidity for intimate detail of life as lived in Mayfair has grown very lively within recent years. Many recent novels seem to have been written with no other end in view save to gratify it. But with the best and most servile intentions in the world, rising young post-war authors cannot pretend to the special and inside knowledge ensured by years of dissolving her grace's

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bath salts in hot water, or seeing that his excellency got his bromo-seltzer at the hour of rising. It is only surprising that this awakening of the liveried classes to the chances they have been neglecting comes so late in the day. It is no secret that, in London at least, servants of the category known as "confidential" have not seldom been "approached" by some of the more enterprising press agencies with a hint that profits lay within their reach far greater than the slender perquisites on such things as fat, bones, and cast-off clothing allotted them by old tradition. Only one thing now seems to threaten the rich vein of royalties opened up by the new development, and that is the tendency of the well-cushioned and coroneted classes to capitalize their own indiscretions, and do their own literary scavenging. The rush between master and man, lady and lady's maid to be first in the market with a fully documented "roman à clef," called for by some particularly fragrant scandal in Park Lane might spell much trouble for enterprising publishing houses. A frank and full collaboration and division of profits seems to be the only practical way to meet it.

A GRIEVANCE of literary order was also voiced by Mr. Winston Churchill, when questioned upon the reasons of his long silence by an enterprising reporter just as he was boarding the boat for an escape from winter rigors at the pleasant isle of Bermuda. The author of The Crisis thinks books cost too much, and that from $2.00 to $2.50 is an unwarranted price to pay for being taken into the secrets of any fellow-author's views on life and love, or what passes for such in the twilight of complexes and subconsciousnesses. Until things change he is going neither to relieve the market by his purchases nor glut it by new offerings. It strikes us that Mr. Churchill, who made his own killing in more frugal days, is a little hard on the new-comers and that a more worthy gesture on his part would be to rejoice at the fact that the writing man or woman, after years of dejection, is beginning to preen his or her feathers and take up a less compliant attitude.

COMPETITION among publishing houses, the extension of literary criticism, and the spectacular success into which publicity skilfully applied can lift a very ordinary book, may be bad for literature. But they are very good for litterateurs. Publishers think twice today before rejecting any offering in which even the elements of success are to be detected and think more than twice before alienating, by discourteous treatment, even an unsuccessful author whom they may be glad to "approach" again when he is riding on the wave of an unlooked-for success. What the publisher likes to think he is exercising is his judgment. But what he is really buying is a chance. Any horse at all, drawn in one of the big racing sweepstakes, where the prizes are thousands of dollars and pounds, has a market value weeks before the race is run. And any book except the hopelessly dull or one in which a limited appeal is inherent, may be a winner. The temperamental publisher and the shrewd author is rather a strange reversal. But the world has seen stranger.

THE thousands of New Yorkers who, in 1807, gathered on the wharves of the Hudson River to witness the launching and first trial of Robert Fulton's steamboat, the Clermont, hailed with cheers and wonderment a vessel that could navigate the river waters at a rate of five miles an hour. Times have indeed changed, and the powers of steam and electricity have given us extraordinary demonstrations on land and sea, in the fast western express trains as well as the great steamers that cross the ocean in five and one-third days, in contrast with the five and ten weeks of the sailing vessels of our ancestors. A new form of marine propulsion that registers almost as great a change as that from sail to steam was introduced to New York on November 30, with the arrival from Gothenburg of the new 17,000 ton vessel of the Swedish American Line, the Gripsholm—in which steam is not used for any purpose, the motive power being generated by two double-acting six-cyclinder Diesel engines of novel design. Crude oil is used for internal combustion in the same manner as gasoline is used in an automobile. Each engine directly drives a propeller, as in a motor boat, and all electricity is generated by three smaller Diesel engines for the production of compressed air with which the main engines are started. There is no smoke, gas nor dust in any part of this novel and splendid vessel, the successful voyage of which marks an epoch in trans-Atlantic travel and a new triumph for Swedish engineering.

THE energetic historical society of Annapolis Royal in Nova Scotia has recently made investigations which seem to show that what was certainly the first Christian school in that province, and quite probably the first in North America, was founded in that town. In 1632 some Capuchins came to Acadia with Isaac de Razilly, who had been sent out as governor of what was then, under French rule, known as Port Royal; and these priests, in or about that year, opened a school in that place. It was continued under the governorship of D'Aulnay de Charnissy who succeeded to the position in 1636, and seems to have been the means of procuring for the school the endowment which it undoubtedly received at this time from Cardinal Richelieu. After the death of de Charnissy the teachers were expelled and the school went through many vicissitudes, though when the British forces—mostly colonial—came on the scene in 1654 the school was still going on under a father-superior and two teachers. The colonial troops burned down the church and school; the teachers fled to Paris; and thus ended this first attempt at education in North America.

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THE SCHOOLS OF ST. FRANCIS

THE approaching centenary which will turn all hearts towards Assisi ought not to find us indifferent to the Franciscan effort in this country. Cowl and cord have their share in the national story—in the pioneer conquest of wildernesses, and in the contemporary effort to leaven a vast population with intellectual culture. And so the seventh annual report of the Franciscan Educational Conference comes as a welcome account of what the Friars Minor are doing, and planning to do, for our American religious scholarship.

They are conscious of a great tradition, bright with names like those of Duns Scotus and Cardinal Ximenes, but they are also aware of the special needs of American life: of the hunger for theological certainty and religious faith which is now everywhere so keen, and of the need for society's regeneration through the concept of love. It was therefore fitting that the subject proposed for discussion at this year's conference was Sacred Scripture. Addresses and comments were devoted to those various aspects of biblical study which are so acutely interesting at the present moment.

We believe that Father Bernard Cuneo's paper on Biblical Scholars in the Franciscan Order will come as a surprise to many who have never been fortunate enough to see so large a topic presented in such adequate historical perspective. It certainly deserves reprinting and wide distribution. But apart from the excellence of this and other papers read at the session, it is invigorating to note the enthusiasm and reverence with which these disciples of Francis approach the task of deepening popular interest in the books of Revelation. Here is neither arid scholarship nor mere traditionalistic indifference to questions which worry the modern mind, but firm faith which does not shirk the hard labor of missionary instruction.

The layman can say honestly that in their resolution to serve the cause of Scripture, the friars have taken up a work of exceptional importance to the average person where Bible criticism is concerned. There is far too general a tendency to pooh-pooh matters in which there may be the germ of serious doubt, or to refer the inquirer to labyrinthine and inaccessible books which, frequently enough, the advisor himself has never read. Franciscans are exceptionally well equipped to deal with this situation. In the first place, enlightened custody of the Sacred Scripture has been one of the beloved duties of their community. In the second place, they possess, in the Third Order, an association of laymen who can absorb and continue the teaching which is now so likely to heal and help. The conference, of course, very sensibly concerned itself primarily with the education of the clergy; but we are sure that this is only a step removed from the almost just as necessary upbuilding of the layman's knowledge.

The report under consideration also lists the impressive series of contributions made by friars to literature of various kinds during the past year. Their interest in religious studies, in philosophy, and in difficult educational problems is accordingly testified to, in a practical fashion, by sound and intelligent writings. A country like America will not readily concede to all this work its real value. Too many people still believe —or profess to believe—that all cultivated thinking dates from Boston, and that religious literature began with The Pilgrim's Progress. But the laws of quantity and quality have finally asserted themselves even in larger worlds than this; and sometime, perhaps, the otherwise obtuse will discover that Francis of Assisi could not have been altogether naïve if his chief work was to create a congregation of the wise.

THE IRISH BOUNDARY

ON THE whole, the pact reached in London by the representatives of the Irish Free State, the northern government, and the British government, represents a wise handling of the situation precipitated by the premature publication of the findings of the Boundary Commission. Ireland both gains and loses. But to understand clearly what the gains are and what the losses are, one has to take into account another instrument regulating Irish and English relation—the treaty of 1921.

A northern parliament had already been opened by King George at the time the Irish and English plenipotentiaries were called upon to negotiate a treaty of settlement between the two countries. The territory to be administered by that government had been arbitrarily selected. It did not consist of nine counties, which would have been the whole province of Ulster; nor of four counties, which would have about represented a bloc in which there were religious, cultural and industrial interests that were apart from those of the rest of Ireland. The three counties that would have created a Nationalist majority in the northern parliament had been left out; two counties had been put in to make a territory large enough and with a revenue sufficient to support a government. The wishes of the inhabitants were not consulted regarding their inclusion in the northern counties enclave.

It was obvious that when the Irish plenipotentiaries came to the discussion of a treaty they would do everything possible to undo this act of partition. But they found themselves confronted by an accomplished fact —a parliament had been opened, and the executive of that parliament was bent upon organizing the territory given over to it. "Ulster" was in being, and "Ulster" had powerful friends in British society and in the British services; anything that would have favored a break-up of that parliament or that would look like coercion of "Ulster" would have endangered the settlement at the hands of the British electorate.

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The relations between the northern government and the Free State were dealt with in the treaty; the Free State meant the whole of Ireland, but the northern parliament might declare itself out of it; if it did, a boundary commission would be appointed to define the boundaries between the northern government and the rest of Ireland; the commission would take account of the wishes of the inhabitants and also the geographical and economic considerations. It is certain that the Irish people expected that the wishes of the inhabitants rather than the geographic and economic considerations would be emphasized by the commission: in that case they expected to receive an access of territory amounting to two of the northern counties. If it had not been for the fact that Article 12 was read by the Irish people in this light, it is probable that the treaty would not have been accepted by Dail Eireann.

It is apparent that Article 5 depends upon Article 12, although it is placed before it. Article 12 has to do with Ireland's share of the British public debt due to war expenditure and war pensions. This article, of course, could not come into operation until Ireland knew how she stood regarding territory and revenue. The commission which was to fix Ireland's share of the public debt of the erstwhile United Kingdom was not to sit until the boundary was defined. England's claim against Ireland on the war charges was to be subject to counter-claims on Ireland's behalf. The counter-claim arising from the notorious over-taxation in the past was the one that was in the minds of the Irish plenipotentiaries and in the minds of the deputies who voted in the Dail for the acceptance of the treaty. The Irish people believed that the claims would cancel each other and that Ireland would not be called upon to pay any share in these great charges.

Three years after the treaty had been signed, the commission to delimit the boundaries of northern Ireland and the Free State was set up. It was obvious that conditions existed which were very different from those that Arthur Griffith and Michael Collins contemplated when they signed the treaty. There had been a civil war in the Free State. While that war was being fought and while subsequent adjustments were being made, the northern government had organized its territory and had built up a big military-police force. There was a vested interest to be dealt with, a status quo that had to be respected. The terms "geographical and economic considerations" had now a very rigid meaning. What happened was that Mr. Justice Feetham, the chairman of the commission, accepted the six counties as a governmental unit and declined to take out of them districts and populations which would be quite willing to go into the Free State, but the loss of which would lead to the collapse of the northern government.

The premature disclosure of the award created a situation very dangerous for the stability of the Free State. That which had been confidently looked for —the accession of territory and considerable revenue —was denied the Free State. A boundary even less favorable than the one in existence would be stereotyped. And naturally, the award caused the Irish people anxiety about Article 5. If Judge Feetham, the representative of the British empire, could give so unfavorable an award in the matter of territory, why should not another such representative give an equally unfavorable award regarding finances? The agitation against the treaty was renewed within and without Dail Eireann, by Mr. Johnson and Mr. De Valera.

President Cosgrave had to obtain assurances that the Boundary Report would not be published, and had to seek for compensations for the territory and revenue that was definitely left out of the Free State. It was natural that he should turn to Article 5 for his compensation. With no access of territory and revenue, Ireland was not in a position even to discuss a share in the burden of the war charges.

Compensation has been obtained through the canceling of Article 5. The boundary between the northern counties and the rest of Ireland remains as it was. Ireland agrees to pay compensations that up to the moment have been a charge upon Great Britain —an amount of about twenty-five million dollars. She also agrees to increase by 10 percent the compensation paid to British loyalists in respect to damage to their property during the guerrilla warfare and the civil strife. An access of territory and a revenue which might be estimated at £2,000,000 per annum has been put beyond her reach for a long while to come. A considerable Nationalist population which has sacrificed much for the national liberation has been left under a government which has shown it scant consideration. A vague claim has been set aside and a small but definite claim has been accepted.

But Ireland emerges out of the crisis with this much gained—she is the one country in Europe that has no external debt. To be sure, the people never believed that they would be called upon to pay any of the war charges. But the fact that the claim was there was a cause of unrest and anxiety, and impaired the credit of the Free State. The fact that Ireland has no external debt is bound to have an influence on the northern government—it makes the "rest of Ireland" a community worth joining.

What will happen now between the northern counties' government and the Free State? There has been a growing good feeling between these two unequal divisions. It is probable that there will be an attempt made to bring the two Irish governments into a working agreement. A customs union has been suggested in the Irish Statesman as a means to this end, and common ministries for posts, transport, and agriculture may follow. It is very likely that it is along such lines that union will come about between the northern counties and the rest of Ireland.

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NATIONALISM AS A RELIGION

I. THE HISTORICAL BACKGROUND

By CARLTON J. H. HAYES

THE present generation has a curious hobby of at least pretending to like a thing not because it has intrinsic excellence but solely because it is new. In some quarters this hobby is interpreted as "progress." Indeed the proverbial man from Mars, initiated into the temper of our age and informed of the current vogue of nationalism on earth, might reasonably conjecture that nationalism is extolled by us because it is modern. He would be right in guessing that it is modern; he might truthfully say that it is very modern; but he would be wrong in concluding that its modernity is the sole or chief cause of its popularity.

Contemporary nationalism is attributable to historical events of the eighteenth, nineteenth, and twentieth centuries. The contact of political democracy, the industrial revolution, and philosophical romanticism with a long germinating popular consciousness of nationality has produced a nationalist process and a nationalist doctrine—the body and the soul, as it were, of nationalism. Of late, too, the doctrine has been preached and the process made palatable to the masses of mankind by means of educational and propagandist agencies which the French Revolution deemed desirable and the industrial revolution rendered practical—national schooling, national militarism, and national journalism. These explanations of contemporary nationalism, however, are not entirely satisfactory. They may be valid so far as they go, but they do not make perfectly clear why apostles of the new gospel are characterized by a missionary zeal that is fiery and why its multitudinous disciples are possessed of a love that is consuming. Why are millions ready and willing to lay down their lives for nationalism?

There have been many historical processes and philosophical preachments which called forth no such popular response in the past as, in the present age, nationalism evokes. Ancient stoicism, mediaeval nominalism or realism, modern hedonism, alike have led to interesting speculation by "intellectuals," have been accepted by influential members of the upper classes, and have had at least some indirect effect upon the masses, but great aggregates of men have never fought and died for any of those philosophies. There must be something more than a philosophy, something more than a doctrine and an historical process, about modern nationalism.

This something is obviously an emotion, an emotional loyalty to the idea or the fact of the national state, a loyalty so intensely emotional that it motivates all sorts of people and causes them to subordinate all other human loyalties to national loyalty. In modern national states, of course, individual citizens still retain many if not most of the emotional loyalties to particular persons, specific places, and peculiar ideas that have marked the human race since the dawn of its history. The loyalty of the American to a political leader, a secret lodge, a church, a trade-union, a college, a New England town, a southern plantation, or a western ranch, is different in degree but not in kind from loyalties of ancient Roman, Jew, and Egyptian. Now as ever, too, it may transpire that an individual must choose between two loyalties: he may throw over a political leader to do the bidding of a secret lodge; he may leave the lodge at the behest of his priests; he may turn against the priests in order to follow the fortunes of a political leader. But nowadays, and herein lies the fundamental difference between us and our ancient and mediaeval and early modern forebears, the individual is commonly disposed, in case of conflict, to sacrifice one loyalty after another, loyalty to persons, places and ideas, loyalty even to family, to the paramount call of nationality and the national state. This is nationalism, and surely it must have a richly emotional content to predominate over all other emotional loyalties of the present generation.

Now, as one looks back over the multifarious pages of man's history, one is struck by the frequency and force of human movements which have had their mainspring in religious emotion. Herein is a valuable clue for us. May it not be that we shall here find the most convincing explanation of the strength of modern nationalism, the zeal of its apostles and the devotion of its disciples? Is it not a demonstrable fact that nationalism has become to a vast number of persons a veritable religion, capable of arousing that deep and compelling emotion which is essentially religious? To this aspect of the subject let us address ourselves.

From the dawn of his history man has been distinguished by what may be called a "religious sense," that is, a mysterious faith in some power outside of himself, a faith always accompanied by feelings of reverence and usually attended by external acts and ceremonial. Everywhere, under the most diverse forms, you find its expression—in the caves of primitive men; in the pyramids of Egypt; in the laws of Moses and the rites of Aaron; in the words of the Delphic oracle; in the tended fire of the vestal virgins; in the temples of Inca and Aztec; in the tabus of Eskimo and Hottentot. You find it enshrined in great religious systems, such as Hinduism, Buddhism, Christianity, and Mohammedanism, which through the centuries

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have counted their devotees by billions. As always, so today, man feels its spell.

Apparently the "religious sense" is so ingrained in man that normally he must give expression to it in one way or another. He may lose faith in a particular religion, but if so he usually dedicates himself consciously or unconsciously to another object of worship. It may be worship of Christ or Buddha; it may be worship of totem or fetish; it may likewise be worship of science or humanity—provided these concepts are written in his mind with capital letters. In any case it involves an experience, a reverential emotion, which is primordially religious.

Even in ages when doubt and scepticism about a popular religion have been most rampant, the very sceptics and doubters have been disposed to seek some object outside of themselves to which they might pay reverence. For example, in the early centuries of the Christian era, when Graeco-Roman paganism was losing its hold upon the intellectual classes of the Roman empire, there was a notable tendency to find an outlet for the religious sense, on the one hand, in Stoicism and other philosophies that proclaimed a truer higher divinity in duty or in reasoned pleasure, and, on the other hand, in mystical communion with strange and somewhat bizarre gods, with Isis and Osiris, with Mithra, or with the "spirits" of neo-Platonism. The resultant unsettling and diversification of religion was in that instance only transitional and not at all irreligious: it inspired quaint attempts to mingle and reconcile heterogeneous objects of worship; it presently produced a kind of religious syncretism; and thereby it prepared the way for the eventual widespread diffusion and acceptance of Christianity. Christianity did not represent a clean break with the past; it preserved much of the antique doctrine and practice of Judaism, and simultaneously it borrowed for its cult and theology many elements from pagan and Gentile religions. Christianity was a syncretic religion, as had been Graeco-Roman paganism before it. It was different from paganism not so much in its component elements as in its combinations and emphases and effects. Both paganism and Christianity and also the transitional steps from the one to the other, appealed to man's religious sense.

Again, in the later middle-ages, doubts arose and multiplied in western and central Europe about the teaching of the Catholic Church concerning the nature and proper worship of the Christian God. Followed the rise of Protestantism. But as one studies historic Protestantism one is impressed less by the novelties which the reformers introduced into the content of Christianity than by the conservatism with which they clung to certain central dogmas and rites of the older Christian Church. (The reader will recall that long ago this opinion was voiced by Gibbon with devastating rhetoric and mordant wit.) They borrowed plentifully from Catholicism, whilst at the same time they appropriated much from the intellectual movements of their day and put themselves especially under new obligations to ancient Judaism. Conversion from Catholicism to Protestantism in the sixteenth century doubtless betokened a lessening faith in a particular religion, but the historical student knows that the sixteenth century was not irreligious. In Protestantism, as in Catholicism, or in Judaism, and likewise in the transition from one to another, man gave expression to his religious sense.

In like manner it may be argued that the subsequent rapid disintegration of Protestantism into innumerable denominations and sects has been simply a modern parallel to the ancient deliquescence of Graeco-Roman paganism, and further, that the syncretism latterly proceeding in the Protestant world may correspondingly usher in a new form of religion, which, however Christian and Protestant in name, will depart very considerably from historic Protestantism and historic Christianity. Yet such a neo-Protestantism, if and when it appears, will almost certainly differ from sixteenth-century Protestantism not so much in its constituent elements as in its adaptations and stresses and results. Above all, it will be, quite as much as historic Protestantism, and as historic Catholicism before that, an embodiment of man's religious sense.

Fog, the Magician

Wrapped in a cloak
Of grey mystery,
Fog, the magician,
Steals tip-toe out of the sea.
In seven-league boots
He skims across the sky,
Blowing out the sun,
Blotting out the blue.
On cobweb wires he slides to earth,
Glides through gardens surreptitiously.
And sponges every color out of flowers.
Churches, houses, trees,
He wipes like chalky outlines from a board.

Fog says—"Presto!"
And birds turn into nothing as they fly,
Men grow vague and vanish.
Fog claps his hands!
And motor-cars roll off into a void,
Dogs evaporate,
Cats dissolve to bodiless meows.

Noiselessly, peacefully,
The old world ends.
Nothing remains
But fog and me
And another world to be.
Slowly, dimly,
I seem to feel
A little of the wonder and the joy
That must have gladdened God in the beginning—
Creation before him.

MELVILLE CANE.

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WHY A NEW ARCHITECTURE?

By RALPH ADAMS CRAM

I FIND myself so fully in accord with most of Mr. Barry Byrne's statements of fact, in The Commonweal for November 25, that I venture to dissent from his conclusions. As I understand his argument it is that the restoration of Gothic as a living style in the service of the Catholic Church is all wrong since "changes in form should rise out of a necessity for solving new problems" and because "form follows function," whereas since "the proportions of the Gothic plan were relatively long and narrow" while "the altar was at a distance from the worshipers," the whole Gothic scheme and style must be abandoned for something that will bring the high altar into closer relationship with the people and also "the congregation and priest closer together for instruction."

Now in the first place I deny that conditions today differ in the least from those of the middle-ages so far as the function and use of a church are concerned. It is still a place where the faithful go to assist at the Sacrifice of the Mass, where they assemble for instruction, and where all the arts are brought together to do honor to God through the offering of beauty, and to fortify the souls of men through the influence of beauty. People do not resort to preaching in such fabulous numbers as during the middle-ages, our city churches are smaller and more numerous, while for our sins we cannot command such artists along any line, or craftsmen or workmen either, as were available during the same period, still "the altar *is* the church," "it is the Mass that matters" and a church must adapt itself to preaching, even now as then. We have no new problems to solve.

It seems to me that Mr. Byrne's mistaken conclusions are due to false premises. From what he writes, it would appear that he is more familiar with English monastic churches than with the true cathedrals and parish churches of the rest of the Christian world, and had therefore attributed to the whole what is true only of a very small part, and that not to the point. It is true that most of the English cathedrals were built as monastic churches and therefore have enormously deep choirs originally intended for the use of the monks alone. Since these buildings were taken over for other purposes the deep choirs have remained and they do adapt themselves most indifferently to popular devotions—or would if people still resorted to them in their old numbers. It is true also that since the beginning of the Gothic restoration there has been a tendency amongst Anglicans to accept this monastic choir as an essential part of the style, together with the narrow spaces and massive close-set pillars of the traditional Norman Gothic of England, with the result that the altar has been more and more removed from its true place amongst the people while the churches themselves have become very unfitted for preaching or the accommodations of large congregations. In this process the Catholic Church has had no part and I cannot see how Mr. Byrne's strictures and warnings can be applied to her.

As a matter of fact the statement that "the proportions of a Gothic church were relatively long and narrow" is not correct. They were practically those of the basilicas of Constantine or Justinian and were much wider and more open than those of the Romanesque and Norman periods. And they were this just because the need was felt to bring the people into closer contact with the altar and to provide better preaching facilities. For three hundred years there was a steady progress towards just this opening out and this bringing the altar into close relationship with the people, and when it was suddenly stopped by the renaissance it had pretty completely reached its goal. The flamboyant churches in France and Flanders, the perpendicular churches in England and all the fifteenth-century work in Spain have reached a point where Mr. Byrne's modern priest who "views his church with naturalness" could ask for nothing more. I would cite particularly such churches as Cirencester in England (there are scores of the same sort) Saint-Germain in Amiens, and Saint-Maclou, Rouen, and in Spain all the work of Jayme Fabre and Juan Gil de Houtañon and their schools—Gerona, Manresa, Perpignan, and especially Santa Maria del Pino and Santa Maria del Mar in Barcelona, with Palma Cathedral as the most perfect of all; also not forgetting the ethereal and supremely practical Belem in Lisbon.

Here—I am speaking now of Spain—are marvelous wide naves, sometimes, as at Pino and Gerona, with no columns at all; again, as at Palma and Santa Maria del Mar, with slender columns widely spaced in naves of vast breadth; again, as in the case of Belem, with a great preaching hall between the fairy-like nave and the sanctuary. No new style and no new plan could possibly give more practical results than are achieved here—and all are Gothic, organic in construction, inexpensive to build, and absolutely beautiful.

And in every case the high altar is in the closest possible contact with the people. Mr. Byrne has made no new discovery, so far as the Catholic Church is concerned, in this respect, and his excellent scheme of a projecting sanctuary was anticipated 700 years ago and was in general use, outside monastic houses, through the whole mediaeval period. In all the great Gothic cathedrals the aisles encircled the sanctuary and here the people gathered all around their altar, as they do today. In Spain they were and are par-

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ticularly insistent on this point; clergy and choir must never intrude between the altar and the worshipers, therefore they are pushed back to the far end of the nave in parish churches, and given a midway place in the cathedrals in order that they may be well out of the way.

The "projecting sanctuary" for which Mr. Byrne so reasonably asks, is then actually the practice in what may be considered the typical Gothic church, and it is only amongst those of modern times who have followed Anglican ways that we find anything else. Deep chancels and narrow, pier-blocked naves are an anachronism but they are no more Gothic than the centralized sanctuary and the wide, spacious preaching space.

There is then no need for us to find "a new church plan" for it was found for us centuries ago. And there is just as little need for a new style, which we could not create if we wanted it. Let Mr. Byrne look at the "new arts" we have devised and see if he finds any encouragement in them. No, we must for a time work on the basis of what is left us through our Catholic heritage, content to wait until our culture and our civilization are such that a new style, if such is to be, will blossom naturally. There are several of these bases, all Catholic—Romanesque, Norman, Byzantine, Gothic—and one reason we use the last so increasingly is partly because it is so much more fluid, supple and adaptable to our requirements than are the others. Moreover it was the full expression of the Catholic genius, whereas all the others were steps and unfinished experiments.

Nor is there any argument against this in the fact that we now have a fad for steel and reinforced concrete in construction. Gothic building methods are perfectly adapted to our requirements. Small churches carry wooden roofs as of old, greater churches are vaulted in masonry not, as Mr. Byrne erroneously assumed, because we are "urged to it by the archaeological sentimentalist," but because masonry vaulting is the most noble, dignified, permanent and beautiful form we know, also it offers no difficulties in the matter of spanning wide areas. The aisleless Santa Maria del Pino is sixty-two feet wide, the central nave of Palma cathedral is sixty-four, while the vast nave of Gerona is no less than seventy-six feet in clear span.

So, as I said before, it is not a question of a new plan or a new style. Our forefathers have given us all we need as a basis to work on. It is merely a matter of discretion; the choice not of monastic or tentative early Gothic models but of those others which represent the Gothic or Catholic style at its perfection and were conceived to fit most exactly the unchanging demands of unchangeable Catholic faith and devotions.

PROSPECTS IN DALMATIA

By ANNIE CHRISTITCH

HEAVEN has favored the coast of Dalmatia with a multiplicity of harbors, a glorious climate, and a brave, Catholic, ultra-Slav people. The influence of its Italian neighbor on the other side of the Adriatic has been enough to refine and uplift native culture but not to destroy its Slav character. The mediaeval duel between the two republics of Venice and Ragusa (Dubrovnik) which sent argosies in full tilt against each other on the high seas, belongs—let us hope—to the past, and rivalry today is confined to other spheres. Political currents, however, remain strong and cause frequent alerts since international ruling allotted Istrian territory to Italy, Fiume itself, and the stronghold of Zara (Zadar). But the main interest of the Dalmatians at present is the cultivation of closer ties with their Serb and Croat kinsmen from whom they had been artificially separated by an alien régime.

It must not be forgotten that Dalmatia was the custodian of Serbo-Croat literature, and that masterpieces of poetry as well as valuable works of science were produced in the monasteries and religious establishments of the Slav coast while Serbia was still wrestling with the barbarous Turk. The ideal of southern Slav reunion, cherished in the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries, has been realized in this twentieth century. From the land of Saint Paul in Macedonia, or southern Serbia, to the Carinthian mountains of Slovenia; from the Adriatic coast to the Iron Gates on the Danube, one language is spoken, the national medium being now the official medium. The southern Slav groups forcibly kept asunder for so long have now come together under a democratic constitutional monarch of their own race and blood. It is inevitable that the Catholic mind should see in this achievement an augury for a still more important and beneficent reunion, namely a religious reunion.

The southern Slavs belong mainly to the Catholic and Orthodox confessions, holding the same Christian faith on the seven Sacraments and the Apostolic Succession, untainted by Protestant heresy and differing only on one essential point, that of papal jurisdiction. The recent tour of the Orthodox royalties, King Alexander and Queen Marie of Jugoslavia, in the predominantly Catholic land of Dalmatia, shows that this part of Jugoslavia presents special facilities for intensive work in the cause of religious unity. Everywhere the sovereigns were met by Catholic ecclesiastics as heads of local deputations, and the presence

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of the King and Queen at High Mass and other Catholic services was much appreciated.

At Dubrovnik (Ragusa) where the King was popularly acclaimed as the successor of Dushan the Great, mediaeval emperor of the southern Slavs, the resident Catholic Bishop, Dr. Marcelitch, unlocked the reliquary of Saint Blaise which is preserved in the Cathedral and presented it for veneration to the royal visitors. The King spoke in moving terms of the protection which was ever bestowed by Saint Blaise on his faithful Ragusans, and of their condign gratitude for his favors. Since the day when the patriarch and martyr had been chosen as patron and first citizen of Ragusa the people had never wavered in their Christian faith and devotion, and he had led them through many struggles and contests to final victory.

King Alexander's gift to the city is a beautiful bas-relief of Saint Blaise executed by the Dalmatian sculptor Meshtrovitch and placed over the ancient gateway leading into the main thoroughfare.

At Splitt (Spalato) whose ancient Roman remains have made this maritime town renowned among archeologists and lovers of antiquities, the royal yacht was welcomed by the mayor and corporation, together with the Bishop, Monsignor Bonefatchitch, who escorted the sovereigns on foot to the Cathedral where a High Mass of thanksgiving was celebrated. This Catholic Cathedral was originally built as a mausoleum by the Emperor Diocletian, and it still retains its ancient form. Among its treasures are many relics of the early Christian martyrs who perished during Diocletian's reign, and a valuable Gospel—the oldest in Jugoslavia—dating from the eighth century. Close to Splitt lies the historical spot of Solin where the Roman emperor had his amphitheatre, and where frequent excavations yield up not only Roman relics but human bones. These have been carefully collected by that scientist of world-wide repute, Monsignor Francis Bulitch, founder and director of the Archeological Museum. Monsignor Bulitch has devoted a long life to the study of the Diocletian era and of the persecution of the Christians. He has made frequent visits to Belgrade both before and since the union of Jugoslavia, and the King has often had recourse to him for advice in connection with his numismatic collection.

In these days of so-called free thought, the sovereigns gave a good example by paying their first visit at every halting place to the principal church, be it Catholic or Orthodox. Religious animosity was nowhere present, but rather a desire for closer harmony and united work for the affirmation of Christian principles in the face of Freemason agitators. Dalmatia is generally looked upon as the home of the friars, and the recent appointment by the Holy Father of a "Little Brother" to the new archbishopric of Belgrade was much appreciated. Belgrade, although an Orthodox city, honors Saint John Capistran as a defender of its walls against the Turkish onslaught, and it is remembered that the Franciscans of Dalmatia have ever worked for the national cause.

Jugoslavia is not exempt from the usual political vicissitudes attendant on party government, but there is no occasion for pessimism with regard to the stability of the state, or the more important issue of a relaxed moral code, so long as the two chief Christian bodies agree to respect each other's convictions. There have been reassuring events within the past few weeks sufficient to counteract the attempts of certain ex-Catholics at galvanizing the Old-Catholic sect. This summer a Catholic conference held in Jugoslavia, with the sanction of the Holy Father, was attended by a number of distinguished Orthodox ecclesiastics. A scheme has been drawn up and accepted by the Association of Catholic Clergy and by the Union of Orthodox Priests for coöperation in all matters affecting religious and moral life within the kingdom.

Prison Cells

Six by three and a half,
And seven high:
Such are the holes in which
Men live and die.

Kennels for dogs are these,
Not human souls—
Even if black they be—
Paying their doles.

Wages of sin, say you,
Yea, and much more:
What part of all they pay
Lies at your door?

Until the cells grow wide
Justice will fail:
Men still have burning hearts
Though bound in jail!

DON C. SEITZ.

Autumn-Ending

Now at the low knockings
Of roots against stone,
What hidden doors will open
To dead hands alone!

For here, between dirges
Of leaf-bells and weeping
Of willows that listen
To frost-armies creeping,

Like a ghoul blowing music
Down the sky's crumbling rafter,
The moon sends her volleys
Of ironical laughter,

Till from the slow marching
Advance-guard of rust,
Peals forth the bold trumpet
Of victorious dust.

J. CORSON MILLER.

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ON THE THRESHOLD

By HENRY C. WATTS

IN the cathedral chapters and the chapter houses of the monastic orders, both of the continent and in England, there takes place on Christmas Eve one of the most richly symbolic incidents of the whole dazzling pageantry of the Catholic liturgy. This is the solemn chanting of the martyrology for Christmas Day, which occurs near the end of the office of Prime.

In itself the martyrology is always interesting; for it is a reminder of the days when there were no printed books and certainly no calendars, and the clerics had to carry in their minds what festival was being celebrated on the following day. So the martyrology is always a day ahead, and what is read out on Christmas Eve, is actually the portion for Christmas Day.

Very little of ceremony attends the reciting of the martyrology ordinarily. The brethren march out in their order from choir, and take their places in the chapter house; the professed going to their panelled stalls, and the novices, after the custom of novices, taking their places humbly on the floor. The reader for the week goes to the great lecturn in the centre of the chapter, and recites the daily portion on the peculiar intonation prescribed. But on Christmas Eve this recitation is invested with the greatest ceremony. Over his ordinary choir vestment the reader wears a rich cope, and the acolytes with the tapers and incense attend him as at High Mass. As a capitular ceremony it is one that few lay people are able to be present at; though it is publicly carried out with full ceremony at Westminster Cathedral and elsewhere.

For perfection of artistic arrangement it would be difficult to find, in the entire annals of art, anything approaching the beauty shown in the liturgical gradation of the offices between Advent Sunday and the Mass, In Die Nativitatis Domini, of Christmas Day.

First of all there is that entire change that is brought about by the beginning of the liturgical year on Advent Sunday, with its complete change of office and the accompaniments of divine worship. One of the most striking features of this change is the introduction of the Advent hymn, Conditor alme siderum, with its plaintive melody in the fourth mode; a mode which refuses any stamp of finality and leaves on the mind a definite yet indefinable impression of waiting.

This sense of expectation continues unchanged through Advent until December 17, when a most marvelous development takes place, and the great "O" antiphons begin, to continue until December 23. There is at once a quickening and a pulsation in the liturgy; for these great antiphons, even on ferial days, are sung in their entirety before the Magnificat, as well as after, while the Magnificat itself is sung throughout with the festival intonation at each of its verses. No translation can do justice to, or represent adequately the resonance and richness of the ecclesiastical Latin of these seven great antiphons, of which the first is O Sapientia.

It is not a far cry from O Sapientia to Christmas. The monks of old evidently felt this; for it was the custom of the prior and monks of Durham to gather around the fire of their calefactorium on the night of O Sapientia for conversation, and to enjoy an allowance of figs and nuts.

But O Sapientia marks a definite stage in the approach to Christmas. A ripple of excitement seems to pass through the liturgy, culminating in a climax of expectancy and anticipation at the solemn chanting of the martyrology on Christmas Eve. In recent years there has been a revival of secular pageantry; but nothing has ever yet been devised with the boldness, the magnificence and grandeur of this recital, which flings out the whole story of the world's history as though it were a scroll unrolled. Instead of sitting during the recital of the martyrology, as on all other days of the year, the clerics or the monastics remain standing in their chapter, as the reader begins to declaim this amazingly rich record. First of all, he tells the day of the month and the age of the moon—

"The eighth day before the Calends of January and the twenty-ninth day of the moon."

Then he proceeds as follows—

"In the year 5199 from the creation of the world, when in the beginning God created the heavens and the earth; in the two thousand nine hundred and fifty-seventh year after the Flood; in the two thousand and fifteenth year after the birth of Abraham; in the fifteen hundred and tenth year after Moses and the people of Israel passed out from the land of Egypt; in the one thousand and thirty-second year after the anointing of David the King; in the sixty-fifth week according to Daniel, the prophet; in the one hundredth and ninety-fourth Olympiad; in the seven hundred and fifty-second year of the building of the city of Rome; in the forty-second year of the empire of Octavianus Augustus, the whole world then being ordered in true peace, then being the sixth age of the world, Jesus Christ, Eternal God, being also the Son of the Eternal Father, having deigned to save the world by His most blissful Advent was conceived by the Holy Ghost, and the nine months of His Conception being accomplished, was born of Mary the Virgin in Bethlehem of Judah and was made Man."

There is a pause in the recital, as all kneel down to honor in anticipation. The reader then raises his voice, and in a loud tone proclaims the tidings—

"The Nativity of Our Lord, Jesus Christ, according to the Flesh."

Christmas is, indeed, even yet twenty-four hours off. But what amazing skill and artistry that on the threshold can fling back the veils of time, and command the story of the world that it shall furnish a guard of honor to approach the great event of Bethlehem.

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HONEY FROM HYMETTUS

By HUGH ALLEN

"YOU call me the Bee of Hymettus," writes Mme. de Noailles in a poem dedicated to Jean Moréas, an Athenian poet whose lyric gifts and good manners evidently exceeded his knowledge of entomology. He should have called her a wasp, for bees turn out a sweet, harmless and entirely delectable substance beloved of bears and men, while wasps deliver poisons that subtly smart and take us away from normalcy—and that is precisely the effect of much of the Comtesse de Noailles's poetry.

Let me say at once, that I am not so stupid as to doubt that Mme. de Noailles is an authentic lyric poet. In France, during the last quarter of a century, her vogue has been tremendous and in Paris she has many formidable champions. It is not the reality of her lyricism that I would question. Indeed, Sappho herself would have no reason to sniff at some of it. It is to the ardors of her lyricism that I object, and not so much to the ardors per se, as to the language in which they are couched. While one may condone the pagan passionateness of Sappho, one resents the same moods in Mme. de Noailles, for she resorts to a terminology that frequently has nothing whatever to do with her theme—and therein lies her sting.

Mme. de Noailles serves her hemlock juice in a chalice. Where she swings incense, she uses a Grecian urn instead of a censer. What that morose voluptuary, Anatole France, did in prose, Mme. de Noailles does in poetry. France was like one of those vicious little animals the mediaeval monks used to paint crawling over the borders of their missals. He was a gargoyle, slobbering over the façade of a cathedral. And one looks up from the pages of the Comtesse de Noailles with a feeling that they are as free from a Catholic sense as is the jargon of a perfervid Holy Roller. One sees a dryad, peeking through a wimple worn upside down. Vale! France, Ave! Mme. de Noailles; poor church mice both, nibbling at the bible of a Black Mass. "La première poète française!" they will tell you in Paris, and they will tell you nonsense.

Anna Elizabeth, Comtesse de Noailles, indeed is French only by virtue of her marriage to the Comte Mathieu de Noailles. She is a daughter of the princely Roumanian house of Brancovan. Her mother, a Greek, was a daughter of the Musurus family of Constantinople—that family which, in better days, gave a cardinal to the Church. In tracing the origins of her work, Mme. de Noailles herself stresses above all, her strong Hellenic strain. In its Greek aspects, that work is an exotic flowering that out-Burbanks Burbank. Supporting little parasitic growths contributed by Nietzsche, it comes up from a root in her grandfather, Musurus Pasha, a quondam Turkish ambassador at London, who left a translation of Dante into ancient Greek, seeps through the stem of her grandmother, Zoë Mavrocordato, a Moldavian princess of Greek origin, with florid Roumanian dashes of color added by the latter's husband, Prince George Bibesco.

So it is, that in spite of the Racine-like purity of her French and her occasional austerity, one divines behind this flaming imagination, the titanic urges which impel the heroines of Bercovici. With her, life is on a physical basis—the spirit can only be known through the body, and the body is but clay in the shaping or destroying hands of the spirit. She takes nature very simply, getting away from civilization in bodily consciousness until her apprehensions are as direct as those of a peasant. She is not a materialist of spiritual things; but an idealist of material things—in fact, a pantheist. Hers is poetry without humanity, without religion—properly understood, poetry devoid of faith and aspiration which touches no common sympathy—poetry that reeks of pessimistic negation and despondency. With her, action results from a profound force, an irresistible élan which it is vain to oppose; the fatalism of our acts and the irresponsibility of our conduct are her concern. But it is hard to explain the wabbly philosophic notions of a woman whose mental disarray is such that frequently she does not grasp the contours of her own thought.

"La volupté, toute est volupté!" cries the startling little nun who is the heroine of Le Visage Emerveillé, a nun, I need scarcely add, whom no convent would shelter for an hour in real life. That sentiment forms a refrain which recurs steadily in the work of Mme. de Noailles. Again, we are told, "les femmes n'ont pas de conscience;" a saying which may have some truth when uttered in the salons of Bucharest, but which will not do for Paris. Heroism and sensuality are synonyms, we are told elsewhere in these oblations to Priapus. She is full of love, of all sorts of love, from the ardent delights of the voluptuary that inspired her first volume, Le Coeur Innombrable, to the profound, ennobled passion which becomes a cult in Les Vivants et les Morts. Love is her great reason for living—

> "Ne plus aimer, ah c'est surtout cela!
> Amour, allez-vous en pour qu'on puisse mourir,
> Puisqu' aussi bien c'est vous qui nous forcez à vivre."

The pitfall of some of Mme. de Noailles's poetry, the secret of its ugliness and the proof of her own frustration is the incongruity of its images and of its matter. Let her be as passionate and as pagan as she wishes—let her write like the offspring of a Tsigane fiddler and a hamadryad out of a Grecian grove if it so pleases her—but if she must turn her back on Catholicism, let her turn her back on Catholic symbols, too; if she must feel like another Aphrodite, let her talk in the terms of Aphrodite. But this is just what Mme. de Noailles will not do. She must needs pour the holy oils of the Church as an unguent over the thinness of her pagan thoughts. While she paganizes everything with which she comes in contact, she wilfully conducts her Eleusinean mysteries with paraphernalia inseparably associated with Catholicism—a process whose deplorably bad taste is not lessened by the incongruity which results. Consider the flagrant figures of her poem, Plaisirs Païens—

> "Je rêve d'un couvent ombragé d'un cédrat,
> Petite villa chaude et peinte . . .
>
> Un couvent langoureux bourdonnant, délicat,
> Clair comme une aubepine frêle . . .
>
> Comme un insecte ardente dirige vers l'azur
> Ses fines et chaudes antennes,
> Nos mains jointes iront bénir dans le ciel pur
> Les dieux qui règnent sur Athènes.
>
> Une cloche d'or vif chaque soir sonnera
> Pour la prière d'Aphrodite . . .
>
> Je vivrai là, tenant entre mes doigts distraits
> Un chapelet lourd de lumière
> Formé de petits fruits, humides, ronds et frais,
> Cueillis dans l'aube printanière."

Convents, joined hands, golden bells, prayers and chaplets should not be so lightly deprived of their traditional connota-

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tions so dear to millions of Catholic hearts and put to the service of a pagan sensibility. But Mme. de Noailles must give a pagan tone to everything she touches. Nothing is too sacred for her to profane, not even the enclosure of a convent of Poor Clares. She sticks a satyr in it, thus—

"Porte ouverte soudain sur un doux monastère,
Où la Clarisse en feu qui ratisse la terre,
Arrose le rosier et vient nourrir le paon
Semble être la rustique épouse du dieu Pan.

On the page before Part II of Le Coeur Innombrable, is this significant quotation from Taine—"L'antiquité est la jeunesse du monde." Hence her frenzied excursions into the moods of ancient Greece. Her whole outlook, she would like to have us think, is Greek. She has recaptured, she fancies, the old Greek spirit—the spirit of a classic land where the beauty of the body and the loveliness of human life in general were stressed beyond all reason. A youth complex. The grivoiserie of a beautiful woman who is growing old unwillingly —a woman whose obsession with sex has caused her to debauch a fine talent.

Having abandoned the One True God, like everybody else who does the same thing, Mme. de Noailles set about establishing others in His place. She has been unsuccessful in her task, and her soul is uneasy.

There are signs in her latest work, Le Poème de l'Amour (1924) which shows that a note of sobriety and a hint of orientation is creeping into the muse of the Comtesse. Perhaps the grace of God will yet triumph over the bizarre atavisms which have so bedevilled her, opening up to her winged feet that royal road which all the greatest poets before her have trod. Mme. de Noailles is still a beautiful woman, so beautiful that she would justify her existence if she never wrote a line of poetry, merely by staying alive—like the historic beauties of her adopted land. But unlike them, she has written some fine, serious poems that will endure long after the hysteria over her more sensational flights is over. And those others—"Mother of God, where are they now?"

Snow Change

I saw a white house, in the snow;
(With all white houses it may not be so—)
The day before it was just a house,
Windows—a door—
A roof, dark green;
Snow fell in the night,
Heavy and thick;
In the morning light,
When the sun shone,
The old look of the house was gone;
It had entered into the scene—
White!—all white!
It had eluded its roof.
Changed, from a box-like square,
Stolidly planted down
With a smug air,
To something kin to the trees;
It was hidden and yet it had bloomed!
It had lost itself
To fulfill
The sweep of the hill.

MAY LEWIS.

BROTHER TO A ROAD

By MARY CAROLYN DAVIES

SOME people like towns. And some like roads. And therein lies all the drama and the tragedy of human life. For humanity has always been divided into those who crave streets and those who like trails.

To most men a road is something to haul hay over and to swear at when it is muddy, and to get the legislature to make appropriations to mend. To most women a road is a thing that gets dust on the parlor chairs. It has always been so. Always the Marthas have looked askance at roads and sniffed at the dust. But the Marys have gazed down roads, imagining—.

To say that a man looks at a primrose and sees nothing but a primrose is not a final indictment. But to say that a man looks at a road and sees nothing but a road! That is not a description of a person. It is an epitaph.

Road people and town people! How many of the bloody wars of civilization have been between them! How many of today's quiet tragedies are their schisms.

If town wives married town husbands there would be no marriage problem. And if town parents gave birth to town children, the gulf between the generations could be filled by a few small shovelfuls of confidence and explanation. But two normal, wholesome, orthodox young people marry, and in a few years find in their household a changeling, a child that is verily none of theirs. Their child cannot be held in the yard where it ought to play—where it has a swing and a doll and a playhouse, or a rockinghorse and a drum, by all the garden gates ever fashioned. It wants to patter off, barefooted, down the road.

There is nothing interesting down the road. Nothing but dust and weariness. And the child knows that. But it has to go. And all that the world has ever found to do to that child who doesn't like garden gates, is to spank it. Spank it. And read its poems, and revere its paintings, and live by its religions! But that is long after the child has gotten painfully to the end of the road, and found death there. But while it is little, tugging at the garden gate—.

Not all children pull at gates. Some take after their parents and play with toys. They pass the afternoon contentedly and are kissed and left a candle for company. Whole families of them. But finally into the most perfect household is born a child that looks like the others, but has something wrong with it. It is born deformed, as it were, in comparison to the normal majority; for it is born with a love of the roads of the the world, which it must have gotten from some godless ancestor who died untimely—on a yardarm or lamppost, perhaps —before he could quite sate his eagerness for the strange smells and sights of the far places of the seas. It is these romance-hungry ancestors, with their dead, clutching, greedy, fingers, that add much to the bewilderment of parents.

Roads are cruel things. And kind. They make life a torture—and make it possible to be lived at all. A road is the burr under the saddle that causes us to rear and kick and buck so inexplicably. If all people liked towns what a great peace and content there would be over the earth! Then perhaps, there would be quietness, and no heartache or violence or hate at all.

But the roof that one yearns for is to another a torment. And the road that one scorns is to another an escape.

A road is a changeable acquaintance. But always it has

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night and the stars over it; it has held hands with the moon, and stretched lazily beside the sun for a drowsy exchange of old tales in the noon hour. A thing that laughs and whispers and lures one on over the next hill—not to other towns, oh, no—but past all of the towns of the world somewhere, somewhere—. Strange sounds, strange tree scents, strange colors in sky and herbage, and people that speak a different and amusing tongue—these things lie at the ends of roads. And no matter how dull and bound and colorless and dead a town may be, there is always a road leading out of it that locks hands with all the other paths and trails of the hills and forests.

Not all who are caught by their web want to set their feet concretely on the grey dust or the red pine-needles of trails—some only want time in their days to think about far places, to wonder, to surmise, to imagine. Those who are too busy to imagine might as well be dead—and those whose loved ones ridicule their imaginings might better be solitary.

For some it is better not to go over the hill and find that things past it are no different; but only to long to go and dream that they are different. But to the true hater of houses, things are always different beyond. For he himself changes them as he arrives. He does not know that he plays this trick. To himself he is a normal person—he does what others do, and others like what he likes.

But it is indisputable that there are persons who like steady, known, sure ways and words. Others, again, must be near masses of their kind. They need flashes of new personalities, the complexities of human withdrawals and impetuosities, the subjective reactions of thought contact, all the nuances that they are too specialized to find save in each other. And some, merely for the sake of comfort and tranquility, long with real pain for homes, for roofs that shield.

I, for one, have never been able to understand the hunger for houses. All my life I have been so driven by that other hunger. And I have eaten greedily of what many trails have had to offer. Glaciers, mountains, certain lakes at sunrise or dusk; a goat-trail scarcely discernible except where myriads of small goat feet have worn through great roots that stretched across it; the trails of deer, and the muddied places where their hoofs have trampled; the triumph in a wolf howl, the smaller shrill barking of coyotes; a snow-shoe rabbit, yellow-white against blue-white snow; a hot sun pulling the odor out of the pine-needles; the icy sleet like a branding-iron on the face, as one bends to the paddle—it is of these things my life is made.

The months spent with houses and words are interludes. More trees have seen me sleeping than roofs—and I am glad.

But we who have not accomplished must salute those who have. The people who like walls have built the world, and it is they who still keep it stable and secure. We of the careless "yes," must bow to those of the wiser, judicial "no." We must pay homage to that alien race—but fortunately we may do it at distance.

Yes, with all our marveling that such beings are, that a race exists to whom a tree means something to cut down and make into a house, and the sky something to be kept at a proper distance by a ceiling. They try to make us over like themselves, these people, and they often succeed. They would always succeed, were it not for the fact that that beast of burden which they have trained to carry themselves and their belongings from town to town, that obedient little beast of burden, the road, has a sense of humor—and, while meekly doing their bidding, winks his off eye at the idle, and says something, in a language forever unintelligible to the good.

COMMUNICATIONS

ORGANIZE THE GRADUATES!

Cambridge, Mass.

TO the Editor:—The controversy started by C. Molanphy seems to have brought out more abstract discussion than facts and figures. In 1907, I was asked by the Catholic Educational Association to gather full statistics on attendance at Catholic Colleges and universities. Official figures were sent me by the presidents of practically all such institutions in the United States. The full report is no doubt still available in the files of the association. A few figures for men's colleges at hand may prove interesting:

Attendance at Catholic Men's Colleges.

	1889-90	1899-00	1906-07
College Course	2,284	2,595	4,232
High School Course	4,749	6,234	10,798

In seventeen years the high school attendance had increased 127 percent, the college grade attendance 87 percent and between 1900 and 1906, twenty institutions had risen to college grade. Rev. James H. Burns, C.S.C., pointed out at the time that on the basis of those figures, Catholic college-grade attendance had increased on an average of 5 percent a year between 1890 and 1907, while the non-Catholic collegiate male attendance had risen 7 percent or only 2 percent more.

I don't know whether there are later figures available but there seems to be no doubt that, scholastically, Catholic colleges have continued to compare favorably with non-Catholic colleges. In fact since 1907, the trend in non-Catholic colleges has been back to the methods of the Catholic college. This trend is away from electivism and away from the lecture system, toward personal supervision and guidance of the student's work and, for the literatures, discussion of selected texts.

Non-Catholic colleges are now trying to get back to the humanistic methods never abandoned by Catholic colleges. And all along the Catholic colleges have continued to answer the demand expressed by President Hadley of Yale, about 1905—"I do not believe you are going to make the right kind of a citizen by a godless education and then adding on religion afterwards. This idea is wrong. Education and religion must go hand in hand. A way must be found to blend religious and secular instruction in the schools."

All honor then to the members of the religious orders who have labored over the years so unselfishly and so well for the Catholic college. If religion should be an integral part of education during the formative years of adolescence then, the nation does not need fewer but more Catholic colleges, and colleges never so large that intimate contact between teachers and students becomes impossible. It would be curious indeed to have Catholic college organization make for bigness and unmanageable units at the very time when non-Catholic institutions are spending millions to give their students the benefit of individual guidance and thus obviate the disadvantages of bigness of numbers.

Now for the question raised by C. Molanphy. Why not more eminent Catholic scholars? It seems to me that the answer has nothing to do with the Catholic college.

Catholic colleges don't produce eminent scholars for the very simple reason that no college does or can. Eminent men in any profession are, for the greater part, the product of graduate schools, not of colleges.

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The college is necessarily a secondary education institution and it should remain such. It should continue to give a liberal education, give the student a humanistic formation so broad, and so deeply impressed upon him, that later the professional may not kill the man in him.

But humanistic secondary education on the other hand cannot turn out professionals, much less eminent ones. Only the professional school can, and not any professional school, only the adequately equipped professional school manned by men who represent the best knowledge of the world on the subject. I have in mind an eminent Catholic scholar now teaching in a non-Catholic university. He has an international reputation, has been decorated by three governments, holds foreign honorary degrees, not to mention all his titles and functions. But such a man cannot be produced except by contact with institutions that have the equipment to equip him in turn to rise to such eminence.

Non-Catholic universities understand this so well that very often they do not duplicate one another's work in the higher fields, that they often facilitate residence at another university to their own students, giving credit for such residence, and that they constantly and systematically invite experts from other institutions to lecture; all this not merely on a national but an international basis. The mediaeval Catholic university system was based on this idea. The university student traveled about to seek the most eminent master in order to become eminent himself. In all the discussion raised by C. Molanphy it seems to me there has been too little emphasis on the distinction between the college and the graduate school and too little appreciation of the enormous difficulty for Catholics, with the resources at their command, to develop graduate departments that may turn out eminent scholars outside of theology, philosophy, Church history, biblical criticism, and allied subjects.

For to equip an efficient graduate school that trains in research, that can turn out eminent men in their specialties, whether education, history, economics, the languages, the literatures, the sciences, it takes an endowment of several millions for each specialty and there are only a few men in each specialty available for each chair. A non-Catholic university combs the country and even Europe to fill a professional vacancy and esteems itself lucky if it succeeds. In fact the non-Catholic universities that have adequate departments in every field of research are very few. And furthermore, as a matter of fact, the graduate schools in non-Catholic universities in many instances subsidize a good proportion of their students through scholarships, fellowships and instructorships.

Is it any wonder then that the above statistics also revealed the fact that in 1907 there were not twenty-five lay graduate students outside of theology, law or medicine in Catholic universities and, in the light of these figures and facts, that there are not more eminent Catholic scholars today in the United States.

What is the solution? As I see it, it certainly is not in the disruption of the existing Catholic college proposed by C. Molanphy. Let the Catholic college alone. It has been built solidly from the ground up, and it has fulfilled and is fulfilling its function in a truly wonderful way. But certainly much thought may well be given by Catholics as to the ways and means of getting in touch with the reservoirs of scholarship existing in the land that they may come to contribute their share toward the transmission and increase of the knowledge of the nation. They are not going to become eminent without getting in touch with the best that has already been done. They can't evolve this eminence out of their own substance. They must receive the torch from the hands of the men who hold it, whoever and wherever they may be.

It therefore seems to me that the solution is in organizing the attendance of Catholic graduate students at non-Catholic universities. The prospective teachers in Catholic colleges for all secular branches, except perhaps for the classics, need to attend them, if not to keep their teaching abreast of the progress that is made elsewhere, at least to fit themselves to become contributors to that progress in all branches for which Catholic institutions are not the best equipped at a given time. Catholic laymen must go to non-Catholic universities whenever these institutions offer the most authoritative teachers and the best equipment.

Catholic schools and colleges are part of the educational system of the country. On the other hand the non-Catholic universities of the country belong to Catholic citizens as much as to non-Catholics. Why should not Catholics avail themselves of their resources? Why should they segregate themselves when this segregation condemns them to mediocrity? To become eminent in the nation, they must enter into the life of the nation sooner or later anyway. They should do so early enough to equip themselves with the best that the nation has to offer.

Nothing would prevent them from having a religious centre of their own in connection with the great graduate schools of the country as there are various centres, clubs, fraternities, etc., for the different groups attending the universities of which they are a part. Moreover such a Catholic house could very well become a centre of scholarly explanation of Catholic doctrine. Lectures and discussions could be organized. The Catholic at the non-Catholic university would give as well as receive. He would have many a chance to dispel misunderstandings. He would discover many unsuspected sympathies awaiting him. He would soon realize that the republic of scholarship is in the main made up of men of good will, too well aware of the difficulty of attaining certitude to be intolerant, and with whom he could find ready bonds of union in the common ideal of the search for truth, so well defined by President-emeritus Eliot—"It characterizes the searching, open, humble mind which prizes above all things accuracy, thoroughness and candor in research."

Let the Catholic colleges continue locally to make Christian gentlemen of the young men in their communities. Let them grow and multiply wherever there is a Catholic community to supply them with resources and students. But let the young men—and women too—in these Catholic colleges understand that any college is but the first step in the preparation for distinguished service, that like their non-Catholic brethren, they must fit themselves through long and arduous study of some specialty before they can become prominent in any one field of endeavor.

Let the Catholic college encourage its graduates to go from it to whatever institution, non-Catholic or Catholic, is best prepared to equip them adequately to become contributors in the field in which they would gain eminence. And twenty-five years from now, in the United States, contributors to the secular knowledge and progress of the nation in every field of activity will number many more men and women, whose religious life is grounded on the Catholic faith, than are today to be found in their ranks.

Louis J. A. Mercier.

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CRAM: MASTER BUILDER

Boston, Mass.

TO the Editor:—Readers of The Commonweal especially in Boston and New England have read with pleasure, in the issue of November 11, Cram: Master Builder, by Charles J. Maginnis. It is an appreciative estimate by a Catholic architect with several decades of good work behind him, of Ralph Adams Cram, who may well be accounted the pioneer of true religious architecture and art in the United States.

Mr. Cram's work is usually identified with the Episcopalians, who, though constituting numerically a small denomination, have a large share of the wealth, culture, and educational opportunity among the religious bodies in America. It was easy to educate the Episcopalians to Mr. Cram's ideas, but what of the Catholics, children of the Church of the Ages, the supreme inspirer of sacred art, as represented in a new land? In Boston and New England, the austere houses of worship of the Puritans and Pilgrims softened a little as the nineteenth century grew old. The Catholics, landing in Boston or New York or coming down from the Canadian ports, were at first made up mainly of men and women who had grown up in the two decades following Catholic emancipation, and had only the traditions of ruined abbeys and cathedrals to bring. The Gothic churches of the middle-ages rose to the music of the Lauda Sion, that immortal hymn of Saint Thomas Aquinas to the Blessed Sacrament. To the poor immigrant, hungering for Mass and the Sacraments, our bishops and priests, far too few in number, especially in New England, were glad to open dingy basements and raise structures little better than sheds and shanties, within which the Sacred Mysteries could be celebrated and the word of God preached.

Remembering that these poor immigrants and their immediate forebears had given up the chance of what they loved so well—education, scholarship—for what they loved still better, their Catholic Faith, let their more fortunate descendants look back, not scornfully but tenderly, on the ugly, high-colored plaster of paris statues and the artificial flowers under glass shades. It is well to remember, too, that these were the days of many extraordinary conversions from among such pioneer stock as the Adams, Quincy, Endicott, Winthrop and Bradford families. Already, in 1880, 30,000 conversions had been made solely by the magnetism of "God with us" on our altars.

Now, His Eminence, our Cardinal Archbishop, in each annual confirmation of converts, counts from 1,000 to 1,500; and Boston has been transformed from a Puritan to a Catholic stronghold. In the first stages of this marvelous transition, the Catholics were increasing like the Israelites in Goshen; and as the natives opened new residential sections the Catholics bought up many a left-behind meeting house. They had nothing to learn of either art or architecture from these "converted" structures; which, however, provided better shelter than the sheds and basements of other days. The Catholics not only increased but progressed; and the Church was not stinted of the first fruits of their young families and their worldly substance.

Worldly progress in other parts of the country among the Catholics was more rapid. In New York State, Pennsylvania, Maryland, the anti-Catholic spirit had long subsided. Education and foreign travel were more common; and now and then, we heard of the wonderful memorial chapels to millionaires who had been devout Catholics; or of the splendid church of some strong religious order.

Early in the 'nineties, the Convent of the Sacred Heart, Rochester, N. Y., came into possession of a lovely little chapel, which the Bishop of Rochester, an early promoter of true Catholic art and architecture, declared to be, at the time, the best specimen of pure Gothic architecture in the United States. The Mother Superior, a daughter of the New York banker, Bernard Corrigan, devoted a portion of her patrimony to this chapel; and its construction was superintended by Bishop McQuaid in memory of Mr. Corrigan's friendship for him.

Within the same decade, the Very Reverend John B. Hogan, S.S.T.D., of Saint John's Seminary, Boston, and the Divinity School of the Catholic University, Washington, wrote a striking series of papers on Church architecture in the Ecclesiastical Review. The proof is still with us of the educative value of these articles; as of the library of Church art which Ralph Adams Cram has given to the church builders.

Mr. Cram's expression is so original and fascinating that the reader having even a little artistic perception, and especially the Catholic reader, will find it difficult to close the book. The Great Thousand Years makes a strong appeal to the children of the Church of the Ages. There are no "Dark Ages" to Mr. Cram between 500 A.D. and 1500 A.D. Some of us still remember the impression made by the author's Phi Beta Kappa oration at Harvard, a few years ago, out of the intensity and passion of his conviction.

When Ralph Adams Cram wrote his first great book on Church Building in 1901, he had as yet found no glimmer of hope in the Catholic Church in America. But the Catholic Church, already awakening, had not been standing still; and Mr. Cram in the recent new edition was too vigilant and fair, too anxious for her powerful alliance in the Gothic cause, for aught but the welcome which he gave it, with, as he says, a sense of relief rather than of surprise. He declares there was something abnormal in the long degradation of Catholic art, "for all the Christian art we had was the product of Catholicism." He says more in the same generous spirit.

Mr. Charles D. Maginnis, of close intellectual and artistic kinship with Mr. Cram, may well be accounted the spokesman of the Catholic advance. He and his associate here have been prominent in the restoration of Gothic in New England and elsewhere in this country; and they have won high awards at home and abroad in various international architectural expositions. Mr. Maginnis is a recent Laetare medalist of Notre Dame University.

KATHERINE E. CONWAY.

NORSEMEN IN AMERICA

Staten Island, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—May I venture upon a suggestion in connection with your article of November 25, on the Norsemen in America, bearing upon their mysterious disappearance? Lardner states that a vessel from Europe is supposed to have brought the Black Death to their shores in the year 1418 A.D.; up to which time they paid an annual Peter's Pence collection of 2,600 pounds of walrus teeth. As you probably know, a bull of Gregory IV, 835 A.D., conferred on the church, or diocese, of Hamburg-Bremen, the privilege of converting the heathen in Iceland and Greenland, and it is from the Chronicles of Adam of Bremen that we learn many valuable particulars of explorations in Greenland. (Beazley's Dawn of Geography; and also, as to the bull of Gregory IV, Lardner.) The articles on Adalbert and Adam of Bremen in the Catholic Encyclopedia also furnish information as to Norse missions in Greenland, as does the Landnama Bok, which I only know through quotations from Nicolls's Iceland, Greenland and the Faroes, and Lardner.

S. VON RYCKEN WILSON.

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THE PLAY

By R. DANA SKINNER

The Enemy

AFTER seeing this vastly press-agented play, to which its author, Channing Pollock, has apparently persuaded countless friends to come and be praiseful, I can only say—deliver the real workers for peace from some of the friends of peace! Unquestionably it is a sincere play, written under strong emotions of protest against the useless slaughter of war and against the enemy of blind hate which lies dormant in nearly everyone and becomes active under the least stimulus of mob or national spirit. But sincerely florid platitudes do not of themselves advance the cause of peace. And they do still less good when accompanied by muddled thinking.

Mr. Pollock, for example, has his favorite mouthpiece in the play draw an indictment against all the organizations which he holds responsible for fostering the enemy of hate, including even organized religious bodies—one of those destructive generalities which only demonstrate clearly that Mr. Pollock is a victim of his own creation. He has achieved a hatred of hate, to which you can trace most all of the well-meant fallacies in which the theme of his play abounds. His is not the solvent type of mind whose broad charity and understanding seek the good and the constructive in everything, select the helpful from the dangerous elements, and build from the material at hand a noble edifice. He would, if questioned closely, turn out to be one of those men who confuse suffering with evil, who weep copiously before the crosses of life and turn their heads before they have time to see its resurrection. This play would, I am sure, have been vastly different and more compelling if Mr. Pollock had had the illumination to call the enemy pride instead of hate—if for no other reason than that hate springs from pride and is a symptom rather than the disease itself.

The Enemy depressed me so greatly through its lack of insight, through its trite superficiality, and through its purely artificial construction, that it would not merit serious discussion except for the light it throws on so many similar efforts in every field—economics as well as the theatre, for example. We are experiencing a veritable surfeit of symptom reformers. They talk of brotherly love as if it could be generated by some patent form of auto-suggestion. Remembering, perhaps, the war-propaganda cartoons of a German family indulging in its morning hate, they would create an equally preposterous picture of American households indulging in morning love before breakfast. But almost never will they tell you that love flows forth like a great spontaneous stream, unconsciously and without effort, where pride has vanished, or that where there is no pride, you cannot discover hate.

If you want to see how true this is in a practical way, ask yourself why men settle their differences so readily in courts where once they used pistols. Does anyone really suppose it is merely because they are afraid of the law and its policemen —which they themselves have created? Is it not quite plainly because a court decision "saves the face" (i.e., the pride) of both parties? The same kind of disputes come up every day because the same kind of underlying pride is there—but the courts offer a safety valve for this pride which prevents its breaking out in gun play and physical slaughter, much as a drainage tube prevents death from an infected wound. Mr. Pollock would have done a far more constructive job if he had railed less at the fever and delirium of hate and had showered his eloquence on the need of international drainage tubes for the pus and poison of pride. But being concerned only with symptoms, he has utterly failed to see the disease.

Fay Bainter and the rest of the cast do as well as they can with this emotional stuff, and lend it for the moment a certain theatrical reality. But they cannot do the impossible and raise it to the power of drama, because the author has made them merely rhetorical puppets who must say certain things at certain times because Mr. Pollock wants these things said. I have no quarrel with Mr. Pollock's idea that the stage should be a sort of lay pulpit. Every great dramatist has made his plays convey an eternal idea. The trouble is with the idea Mr. Pollock is trying to preach. It is hard to shed tears over the misery of men and nations unless you catch a glimpse of why they are miserable. That is just what Mr. Pollock forgot to tell.

In a Garden

A GOOD title for this play—which might have served also for Mr. Pollock's—would be Caught in His Own Trap. Mr. Philip Barry, softly transposing Ibsen's Doll's House to another key, has tried to tell the story of a sensitive and spontaneous wife who has lived under the dominion of a playwrighting husband who sees all life, including his own, in strict terms of the theatre. He would analyze his own romance at the very moment it was taking place. He would see his wife as a character in a play, and "stage" her life accordingly for the jovial purpose of discovering her "reactions" and proving how perfect was his own knowledge of human emotions. He knows everyone "like a book"—meaning that he knows no one as a human being.

Unfortunately, Mr. Barry's own play indicates that he is precisely that same type of dramatist. It has precisely the bookish quality he derides—shows the same undue fascination with a theme or thesis—and consequently carries no illusion whatever of reality. It is like a dull man telling you dully how dull he finds his next door neighbor. Mr. Barry tells you artificially how artificial he finds the minds of some dramatists. If, by any unhappy chance, Mr. Barry is satirizing some particular writer of today's theatre, that victim can respond—"Praise be, thou too hast written a play!"

In the end, the wife in this play, failing to bring her husband to terms with reality, trots out the back door like Ibsen's Nora, and the dismayed playwright vents his amazement in pulling down the flowers of a garden "set" which he had constructed in his own living room to further one of his domestic experiments. But where Ibsen at least wrote a strong play, with whose moral index one might take issue seriously, Mr. Barry's effort does not merit even serious discussion—so completely artificial is it, so mechanically motivated, and so heavily larded with false sentiment. The wife, played by Laurette Taylor, has possibilities of reality. By herself, she is an excellent type portrait, easily understood and commanding considerable sympathy up to the last act, when the plot jumps in and robs her of reality very much as George Kelly robbed his Mr. Craig of reality in Craig's Wife. But Miss Taylor plays her too heavily and with too much complexity. She blurs the few sharp outlines Mr. Barry has drawn. We might call the play and performance as a whole, elephantine—were it wholly fair to elephants, who are not limp, but alive and spontaneous.

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Young Blood

IN A play that might have been quite stirring if its author, James Forbes, had decided whether he was writing farce or serious drama, Helen Hayes battles heroically against torrents of obtrusive slang and emerges with a few fine moments to her credit. Norman Trevor is his pleasant self and Florence Eldridge achieves a more than fair success in the character of a blackmailer who poses as a family maid. But the playwright breaks in so often on the actors' most promising scenes, that the evening is depressing beyond compare. The story is supposed to be of the struggle between father and son in a motherless household—a theme with possibilities for a serious author. But Mr. Forbes has evidently read a dictionary of flapper slang, and thinks that through its profusion he is painting a true portrait of the youthful mind. His lack of understanding and intuitive sympathy lead him so far astray that his main theme becomes hopelessly lost.

No one deserves a poetic, tender and forthright play of youth more than Helen Hayes. When she is not being cast as Cleopatra five years ahead of time (I am sure she will do Shaw's heroine extremely well some day) she is forced into meaningless flapper roles, as far from her real quality as cocktails from old Chartreuse. Her rare combination of intelligence and spontaneity merit the attention of the best of playwrights.

(During the absence of Mr. R. Dana Skinner in Europe for several weeks, the reviews of this department will be written by the members of the editorial staff of The Commonweal.)

In Selecting Your Plays

A Man's Man—A sincere and poignant play, marred by the current blasphemy fad.

Androcles and the Lion—Shaw at his best—and worst.

Applesauce—Amusing characterization in a comedy of small-town life.

Arms and the Man—Splendidly acted revival of Shaw's pleasantest comedy.

Craig's Wife—Excellent portraiture and acting in a play of awkward construction and muddled thinking.

Dearest Enemy—A musical comedy of Revolutionary New York.

Easy Come, Easy Go—A mildly amusing Owen Davis farce.

Hamlet—A new and superb interpretation by Walter Hampden in the heroic mood.

Is Zat So?—The best character comedy of the year, hung on a poor plot.

Princess Flavia—The Prisoner of Zenda, delightfully adapted as a musical play.

Stolen Fruit—In which Ann Harding achieves greatness and lifts a good play to distinction.

The Butter and Egg Man—Mostly good comedy spoiled by occasional offensively bad taste.

The Glass Slipper—One beautiful theme and June Walker's fine acting almost hidden by needless and disagreeable trash.

The Green Hat—Mr. Arlen's weak-willed heroine obscured by the glamor of Katherine Cornell's all-too-good acting.

The New Charlot Review—You can save money by not going.

The Poor Nut—One good hippodrome scene and little else.

The School for Scandal—A rather dreary and monotonous revival of Sheridan's classic.

The Vortex—Starts anywhere and ends nowhere, but has good theatrical quality in two scenes.

These Charming People—Cyril Maude and Edna Best tiptoeing on Arlen débris.

Young Woodley—A lyric and courageous play for a limited and mature audience only.

BOOKS

Newman as a Man of Letters, by Joseph J. Reilly. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

IT HAS been the destiny of John Henry, Cardinal Newman, like the Master whom he served all his life at the sacrifice of heart and brain, to become a sign "set for contradiction by many." Every man who exposes his heart must expect to have it liberally pecked by the daws of this world. Every man to whom compromise suggests itself as an affront to the only truth he knows anything or cares anything about must look for controversy to rage around the convictions which he has not troubled to make palatable. But in Newman's case a quite especial situation arose which makes him a focus for controversy many years after his last word has been spoken. The very fact that he analyzed his grounds for belief so unsparingly has led to the question whether he was himself fully persuaded. The very subtlety of mind which he employed to meet the sophistry that makes excuses for sin has earned him, on the part of men whose mask of bluff heartiness he pierced, the charge that he was himself a special pleader and splitter of argumentative hairs. The undoubted fact that he found himself, after his conversion towards middle life, a stranger to the habits of thought and action of many men born in the Catholic Church, has been swollen by gossip and innuendo into the absurd statement that he disliked his companions and regretted his step.

In writing his fine psychological and literary study of the great cardinal, Dr. Joseph Reilly has been wise not to concern himself overmuch with a rebuttal of charges to which the gentle prelate's life and writings give the lie. But he deals with them, each in its fitting place, under the various aspects of Newman as preacher, historian, controversialist, and poet. In his opening study of Newman the Man, one cannot but help feeling that Dr. Reilly has availed himself a little too freely of the tradition which ascribes to the French character feminine qualities of sentimentality, introspection and impulsiveness, and to the Anglo-Saxon the more obviously manly ones of decision and persistence. Exactly what value the Fourdrinier maternal strain may have possessed after four generations in England is problematical. In any case the argument is not one that can be buttressed on any known facts of life or history. It is that sorry thing, a "general impression." The single-mindedness, logic, and persistence amounting at times to ruthlessness which men of French blood have shown in putting through their ideals, right or wrong, speak loudly from the pages of history. The accident that has brought so many of their projects to naught and left them masters in the intellectual rather than in the material sphere, is not to be ascribed to any softness of mental fibre. What a host of soldiers, missionaries, martyrs, and explorers, might leave their graves to protest against such a statement as—"In the mutual antagonism of English stolidity and French impulsiveness, we often see Newman wavering before alternative courses, unable to free his mind of some remote but not utterly ill consequence which might follow this line of action or that." To ascribe weakness of character to what is only the possession of tact and imagination in a supreme degree, is a common mistake. But it is not one that should be made in a biography of one of the truest and bravest gentlemen who ever breathed.

In a fine chapter on Newman the Preacher, Dr. Reilly does justice to the immense value which this very mental subtlety gave the one-time vicar of Littlemore in his battle with the

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worldly spirit—always the enemy whom he saw most directly in front of him. "He knows them all, even to their 'labyrinthine ways;' their subtleties fail to baffle him; he sees through their affectations and poses. From those keen grey eyes they can conceal nothing, and the procession passes endlessly, with naked souls whose last hidden secret has been laid open to his gaze . . . Indifference, lukewarmness, complacency, intellectualism without heart, were always objects of his aversion, and when he preaches on them, scorn and irony smolder beneath his cool and measured words."

Newman's famous "subtlety," the quality which earned him both praise and blame, was, after all, only the outward sign of an inward sensitiveness to the unseen in which very few men, and perhaps no great writer, ever equalled him. The contemplative soul, which loves to steep itself in reveries that almost pass the power of words to convey, "deep beneath unknown deep and height above unknown height," is not so rare as the rough manifestations of the outside world would lead one to believe. Where power of expression accompanies it, it generally becomes vocal in poetry, an arbitrary and personal medium whose law and limit is its own will. With Newman, the happy accident befell literature of having a contemplative, intellectual in essence, who was also master of a prose instrument delicate enough to express every shade and degree of his conjectures and spiritual certainties. Dr. Reilly gives us this unique conjuncture in words that are literary criticism of a very high order.

"We have seen him trying to realize for us in words things of the mind and spirit, things that are so subtle and unusual and elusive that only men endowed with spiritual insight can sense them and only a master of words can express them adequately . . . In two instances he has done the almost impossible: he has not sought to realize the unseen in words but to suggest it merely, as something too tenuous, too elusive, too gossamerlike to sustain the weight of any language but that of the most delicate implication."

Perhaps of all that Dr. Reilly has to say, the section in which he deals with Newman's attitude to literature and education, profane as well as sacred, will be of most general interest. At a time when ancient landmarks are shifting and old restraints giving way, the position that a man so steeped in culture and at the same time so saintly, was able to take, in all good conscience, is immensely important as some guide in the prevailing confusion. That the difficulty, though hardly so urgent in his day, did exist for him, and was foreseen by him, is evident from the words which Dr. Reilly quotes in his chapter on Newman's Idea of a University.

"From the nature of the case, if literature is to be made a study of human nature, you cannot have a Christian literature. It is a contradiction in terms to attempt a sinless literature of sinful man." And again—"Let a university be what it professes. If it is not a convent, it is not a seminary, it is a place to fit men of the world for the world. We cannot possibly keep them from plunging into the world, with all its ways and principles and maxims, when their time comes; but we can prepare them against what is inevitable; and it is not the way to learn to swim in troubled waters, never to have gone into them."

Dr. Reilly's study of the great churchman and writer who, in the words of the present Pope, just spoken about Lavigerie, a cardinal as eminent in the sphere of action as he in that of thought, "cast new lustre on the Roman purple," is a rarely illuminating book and justifies the years of work that have gone to it. The lover of idle gossip whose palate has been vitiated by the Stracheys of biography will not find what he likes best. But as an attempt to place Newman's mind in its true perspective to the controversies that crowded in upon it throughout his long life, the book has all the qualities of finality. The estimate with which it closes is the one that will be shared by the world at large when even the last echoes of these controversies have died away—

"This generation owes Newman much. He has lessons for us beyond any of the prophets of his age. His is a living voice, and in the world of letters, of education, of culture, and of the noblest things of the spirit it was always raised for sweetness and light that reason and the will of God might prevail."

HENRY LONGAN STUART.

The Oregon School Cases. Baltimore: The Belvidere Press. $10.00.

THIS is a substantial volume of 941 pages, bound in buckram with the accompaniments of a legal book. Yet with all the forbidding appearances of legal forms in transcripts, briefs for appellant and appellee and opinion of the court, which constitute the book, it is a human document—a document of human liberty. It is the complete record of the famous Oregon Law compelling all elementary school children to attend the public schools, as disclosed by the arguments, briefs and decision in its clash with the Constitution of the United States. It is the record of a new declaration of independence for the individual and the family with all the approving reasons from the lore of distinguished counsel.

The volume concludes with the decision of the Supreme Court declaring the law unconstitutional. It takes only five pages for that court to word its unanimous conclusion, but the 936 other pages make a buttressed foundation which will last for all time. And it is worth volumes of briefs and transcripts to secure this one sentence found in the opinion of the court, namely—

"We think it entirely plain that the Act of 1922 unreasonably interferes with the liberty of parents and guardians to direct the upbringing for education of children under their control. As often heretofore pointed out, rights guaranteed by the Constitution may not be abridged by legislation which has no reasonable relation to some purpose within the competency of the state. The fundamental theory of liberty upon which all governments in this union repose excludes any general power of the state to standardize its children by forcing them to accept instruction from public teachers only. The child is not the mere creature of the state; those who nurture him and direct his destiny have the right coupled with the high duty, to recognize and prepare him for additional obligations."

The decision marks out a broader application of the protections of the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States than had been previously declared except in the decision shortly preceding this one, which declared unconstitutional a law prohibiting the teaching of foreign languages to elementary school children in whatever school they might be. For the first time in these decisions, the rights of the family were brought under the protection of the Fourteenth Amendment. In fact, the few fateful words of that amendment declaring that no state shall "deprive any person of life, liberty or property without due process of law" or make or enforce any law "which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States" were the only

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words standing between the citizens of Oregon and the law which compelled them to send their children to school and to the public school alone, unless provision were made otherwise within the family. The Oregon Law was, in fact, a constitutional amendment adopted by the voters of that state. Being a part of the constitution the question of its constitutionality was not raised in the state courts. It was final so far as the state of Oregon was concerned. The provisions of the Fifth Amendment of the Constitution of the United States did not apply because that amendment protected the citizen against acts of Congress only. The only recourse, therefore, was to depend upon the words of the Fourteenth Amendment adopted in 1868. Fortunately for the case both individuals and property were involved. It was one of the few cases where property interests and human interests coincided. The enforcement of the law would have destroyed property invested in private schools. The court had on numerous occasions used the Fourteenth Amendment for the protection of property. This case was one of the furthest extensions of its use for the protection of human liberty.

The compilers of this book have done a useful and lasting service. The case is a landmark and every record in the case is essential. Further legal determinations in similar fields will build upon the foundation of these cases, and there will be many such cases in the future as men and institutions clash in the eternal struggle to protect the individual from unreasonable interference. Lawyers will find this volume indispensable, but its purpose would be little fulfilled if it did not reach far beyond the limits of the legal profession. In fact, it concerns the legal profession no more than it does the rank and file of citizenship. The technique of the briefs, transcripts and decision are the working tools of the constitutional lawyer, but the basis of the decision itself is the warp and woof of the citizen's business.

JOHN A. LAPP.

Mr. Petre, by Hilaire Belloc. Illustrated by G. K. Chesterton. New York: Robert M. McBride and Company. $2.00.

THOUGH the satire in Mr. Petre is perhaps less mordant than that in The Mercy of Allah, and the fun less uproarious than that of Pongo and the Bull, the book is the most finely sustained of all Mr. Belloc's novels. Indeed the satire takes on here a new point: for here a man is found to be all-powerful in the world of high finance not by virtue of controlling money but only because he is supposed to control it.

A simple minded, middle-aged English gentleman, after two years spent in America, where he has managed to acquire just enough of an American accent for the purposes of the story, arrives in England on April 3, 1953. On the day that he lands he finds that every vestige of memory of his former life has been wiped out, with the exception of the name Petre, which he concludes must be his own name. Upon giving this name at his hotel in London he is taken to be Mr. John K. Petre, an American multi-millionaire, among whose eccentricities is a mysterious hatred of every form of publicity. The false Mr. Petre is bluntly asked the next day at a luncheon to which he is inveigled whether he means to buy Touaregs or to sell; and without knowing in the least what Touaregs are, but in order to conceal his ignorance he says, "O, I shall buy." It is enough. The sixty or seventy people who count in London whisper "John K. Petre is buying!" and Touaregs soar. A few days later, without having paid a penny for the 50,000 shares he has instructed his broker to buy, "Mr. Petre" nets a profit of over £70,000. It is the smallest of his deals. On the strength of his supposed wealth the poor bewildered gentleman is pushed into a new deal and, again without actually paying for what he buys, but operating solely upon the credit of his name, he clears just over a million pounds. Within a few weeks he finds himself master of three.

The real John K. Petre meanwhile has been holiday-making in France. When at last he finds in a newspaper his own name hinted in connection with his impersonator's last and most colossal deal he hurries over to London, institutes enquiries and in great anger brings an action. But by this time the second John K. Petre has discovered that he is Peter Blagdon, and, in disgust with the foul financial and political world into which he has been drawn against his will, has retired, with his money safely put into national bonds. The American goes to law, loses, unsuccessfully appeals, and finally carries the case to the House of Lords. There Lady Boole, the Lord Chancellor, delivered judgment, and "in a beautifully distinct, silvery articulation spoke, for some hours, words meaningless to mortal man. But it was one of the great judgments of our time, and has been the basis of law ever since." The upshot is that Peter Blagdon cannot be dispossessed of his money. We leave him in his simplicity wondering "how one can give big money and not give a curse with it."

The satire is deadly. Mr. Belloc has as astonishing an insight into the methods of high finance as into those of corrupt politics; and his incidental flings at the hocus pocus of doctors and lawyers are delightfully amusing. The text is illustrated by Mr. Chesterton. As often happens when he takes up the pencil, some of the drawings are rather bad. But others are extraordinarily brilliant and richly humorous.

THEODORE MAYNARD.

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Les Heures Bénédictines, by Edouard Schneider. Paris: Bernard Grasset.

THE general public, in France at least, has passed from a state of vague ignorance about the cloisters to one of sympathetic curiosity, shown by the current vogue of books on mysticism, and even the founding of pious collections. Bernard Grasset, alert to note every new movement likely to succeed, has made a financial hit with Les Heures Bénédictines of M. Edouard Schneider, first published by Ollendorff. This young and brilliant Paris publisher, who comes from a family of scholars and philosophers, has commissioned the same writer to prepare a series of publications on the great monastic orders. As M. Charles Pichon remarks in La Vie Catholique, the religious conquest has spread.

It was quite natural that the Benedictines should be honored first. Aside from their mission, which according to M. Ollier, the founder of the theological school of Saint-Sulpice, consists in maintaining and constantly renewing the spirit of religion in the Church, the Benedictines are men of letters, historians, and artists. In the solitude and anonymity of the cloister, and with the collective labor, void of vanity, which alone is truly fruitful, it is theirs to continue the tradition of those ponderous tomes, which laymen today achieve but rarely and with difficulty. We French say of a task which surpasses ordinary possibilities—"C'est un travail de Bénédictin."

At one time, the Benedictines saved the heritage of civilization; today they will aid, along with other monks, in its revival. It is perhaps not a paradox to maintain that we have fallen into a sort of barbarism, denser than that of the past, since we have created—taking the complexity of modern life as a pretext—a systematic civilization in bondage to material impulses and intellectual pride. The result is a certain lassitude in the depths of the soul which was felt by the generations which preceded that to which M. Schneider belongs.

At about that time, Huysmans and I withdrew for a period of "recollection" among the Trappists. As for me, I passed an unforgettable week at La Trappe of Staoueli, near Algiers. I recall the cemetery where the monks repose, nameless, each tomb marked only by a lily. On my return from my first journey to the Indies, it was among the Benedictines of Marseilles that I made a retreat, continued at the Maison Notre Dame within the confines of the monastery of Ligugé. I went there to rejoin J. K. Huysmans, who was engaged at the time in the writing of L'Oblat. Later I visited them in their Belgian house, where the same priests had taken refuge at the beginning of their exile. I also still cherish the memory of a certain Christmas morning, rue Monsieur, Paris, in the chapel of the Benedictines, when the author of En Route and I listened to the celestial plain-chant of the holy nuns, invisible beyond the grille.

This spirituality of the monastery M. E. Schneider understands. His book abounds in touching and vital pictures. The chapter upon the Gregorian chants from matins to complines, the hours of study in the library and their silent meditation, the recreation and the monastic garden. He describes the refectory; he takes us into one of the austere cells. In short, it is for the profane reader a poetic and accurate initiation into the present daily round of the Benedictines, preceded by a marvelous hagiography of Saint Benedict, according to Gregory the Great. This monastic life is all stability, while ours is full of agitation. Disdain of personal glory, chastity, poverty, obedience bring to the monks a veritable inner emancipation which we vainly seek in disorder or in the organization of

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ephemeral laws. The book ends with a sort of prose canticle, soberly lyrical, dedicated to the overflowing love that the claustral soul pours out, no longer to the creature but to the Creator. It is comforting to see a writer not waiting till old age to turn his eyes towards the monastic ideal, and betaking himself thither to imbibe an inspiration which cannot fail to follow him through life.

JULES BOIS.

James Gibbon Huneker, by Benjamin de Casseres. New York: Joseph Lawren. $1.50.

The Mirrors of New York, by Benjamin de Casseres. New York: Joseph Lawren. $3.00.

THE name of James Gibbons Huneker was one to conjure with in the days of youth: when in New York the red wine flowed fast and cheap and the marble-topped tables of Joel's and Mouquin's were cleaned by the waiters every morning of the pencil sketches and verses of the bands of inspired and heated artists and Bohemians living in exile from Murger's Vie de Boheme and the alleys of the Latin Quarter and Montmartre. Among these circles, predecessors but not responsible for the Greenwich Village of a later, even if already vanishing celebrity, loomed large and conspicuous a really able man, son of a mixed Hungarian and Irish family, of Philadelphia, whose "books are an education in European culture," says Mr. De Casseres, "which got past the customs inspectors on the walls of our Chinese provincialism and percolated into the darkest fashionable circles of Topeka."

Unlike many of his associates, and to the evident pain of Mr. de Casseres, Huneker called himself a "Jack of the seven arts, master of none—a newspaper man," and the piercing honesty of Huneker's mind showed here a realization of what his life and his work really amounted to. In this Huneker was no hypocrite: the crowned and crowing mediocrities around him could hardly blind a man who knew something—even if it were usually limited—of the fantastic mob of geniuses and madman ranging from Nietzsche and Strindberg to the most irregular of the Russians, Germans, Scandinavians and French.

Huneker fed his mind upon the scraps of gorgeous tables of modern European culture: he had no time to specialize on anything, with the exception perhaps of music: but he was the troubadour from one castle gate to another, the disseminator of much of the half-baked culture that has taken the place of older and more composed and more thorough knowledge, education and cultivation.

There was greatness in Huneker, and a great lesson which his present biographer seems not to grasp: therefore, we have in Mirrors of New York, Mr. De Casseres's attempt to see in New York City another French Bohemia: to interpret the clatter of our subways and street traffic with the fantasy of a Sar Paladan and the jargon of a Vargas Villa. His flashing fancies play about the stands of our newspaper and fruit and "hot-dog" vendors: our scaffolds and excavations, our native and alien New Yorkers are but the stuffed marionette figures of a Punch-and-Judy show that is quaint and noisy but not entirely lifelike. The perfervid tone of Mirrors of New York is quite removed from the deliberateness of real literature. It is the newspaper destroying the book as it destroyed James Gibbons Huneker. Mirrors, Mr. De Casseres has remembered, are mere reflections, and he has chosen the title for his book with this practical acknowledgment of the instability and emphemeral quality of its cleverness.

THOMAS WALSH.

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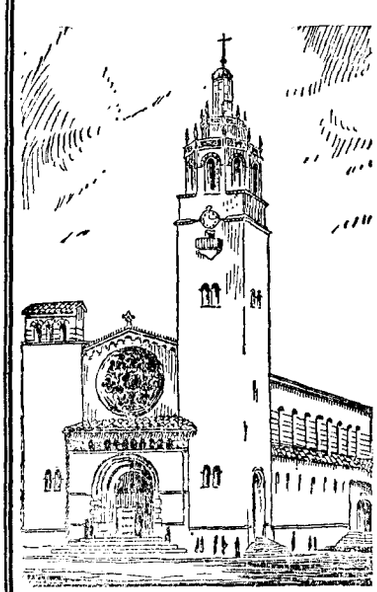

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BRIEFER MENTION

The Rector of Maliseet, by Leslie Reid. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.00.

THIS is not a mere promising first novel. It is a story of mystery, of competent craftsmanship, and of ingratiating writing. Nor is it merely a novel whose sole merit rests in the trickery of enigma. Rather its mystery belongs to those realms of magic, in the past, so deftly related by Arthur Machen. For the atmosphere has been adroitly created. The scene of The Rector of Maliseet, is in a far-off forgotten village in the west of England. Against this background, the novel takes added color from the Anglican Church, and its liturgy of the powers of darkness. Also from its records of quaint local saints and miracles. A pastoral quality invests the drama of spiritual conflict. The character of the rector, St. John Clare, is etched with surety, insight and sympathy. This portrayal, with its epicureanism and elements of demonology is reminiscent of Huysmans's novels, previous to the writing of En Route. The same dexterous, tapestry-like weaving of word patterns, is here, even though it may not reach to the excellence of the consummate artistry of Huysmans, it is of such high quality to suggest comparison with the master. Indeed, Leslie Reid should go far.

The Royal Road to Romance, by Richard Halliburton. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $5.00.

THE world remains an oyster that some would open with a sword, some with a tourist ticket and some with a light scrip and the smiling assurance of unconquerable youth. Richard Halliburton has chosen the latter road and with a gallant wave at his college and family, fared around the world laughing and beating and fighting his vagabond way into the glamorous lands—dancing from the pinnacle of the Matterhorn to the gardens of Taj Mahal, over the Himalayas and Tibet, down the East Indies and the coast of China, to the tune of "Youth! Youth! There is nothing in the world so wonderful as youth!" One follows his course with some quaverings; curious at his experiences in the well-trodden tourist haunts; inquisitive about unvisited lands and peoples; and generally delighted with the ardent spirit of the author and his desire to be photographed with remarkable scenes, architectural and mountainous, behind him. His success—and he does make a success of a very personal attitude to life and foreign experiences—is somewhat facile for all its authenticity: the author's personality is very agreeable. His book, a modern sort of adventure tale that is delicate and daring, by an attractive youth who refuses to mature, will entrance the younger reader.

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THE QUIET CORNER

I counsel thee, shut not thy heart nor thy library.—C. LAMB.

It was after that stormy meeting in the library when Dr. Angelicus and Primus Criticus had expressed themselves so forcibly if not convincingly, on the intrusion of woman on the sacred privileges of man, apropos of her right to the retention of her maiden name after marriage, that Miss Brynmarian and Miss Anonymoncule held a private conference.

"It is time," said Miss Anonymoncule, "that these gatherings in the library should no longer remain inarticulate on the subject of feminist rights."

"Quite," replied Miss Brynmarian, "for, as I have frequently stated, it may be a man's world, but not the corner of it that I inhabit."

So it fell out that Monday found Dr. Angelicus, the Editor, and Primus Criticus, with their books and papers, gathered about the open fire—while Miss Brynmarian, near a window, was making the most of a fading daylight to insert the e's in an article by a popular contributor whose typewriter is totally paralyzed in that member.

"Where is Miss Anonymoncule?" asked Dr. Angelicus. "I have here a few pertinent remarks of Kipling on the subject of woman, which I should like to read to her. When we see the young mind showing a tendency toward a mistaken valuation of the feminine sex, we should try to bring it back to sane, conservative thinking."

"I believe," said Miss Brynmarian frigidly, "that Miss Anonymoncule will be here presently. As a matter of fact, she is now attending a Junior League debate, the topic of which you criticized last week with more prejudice than illumination, if I may say so."

"She is then, indeed, in a far worse state than I supposed," grouzeled the Doctor. "I see that I have work to do. These feminist movements are so utterly futile."

"It would seem," said the Editor, "that your very concern over them indicates a subconscious fear that they are not futile. This much is true—that where formerly the rights of man were taken for granted as existing, inherent prerogatives, and never questioned, today they are proclaimed and classified by our sex with such vociferousness that a suspicion of their growing weakness arises. It may be the gentleman who now doth protest too much. We should act upon our principles, rather than proclaim them."

"Who is proclaiming them now?" demanded Angelicus.

"Well, here for instance, is a newspaper which reports the remarks of a California judge in a recent divorce case. The lady sought her freedom on the ground that her husband's snoring was so orchestral that she could not sleep o'nights. And we have the judge proclaiming loudly and fussily that 'it is one of the rights of man to snore, ad lib.' He should simply have dismissed the case haughtily, with no remarks."

At this point Miss Anonymoncule entered hurriedly.

"I'm delighted to find you still here, Doctor," she said to Angelicus. "I know you will be interested to hear the Junior League's decision on the right of a woman to retain her maiden name after marriage."

"I'm not interested at all," said Dr. Angelicus grumpily, having received the Editor's cautioning glance.

"Oh, but you would have been," replied Miss Anonymoncule enthusiastically, "if you could have heard Miss Ruth Hale's able defense of the principles of the Lucy Stone League."

"You don't mean to say that the affirmative won?" cried Dr. Angelicus, now totally ignoring the Editor's eye.

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WHEN the Christmas chimes bid the world be of good cheer and the spirit of Christmas is uppermost—

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When the festivities of Yuletide beckon you on to the sweet joy of life—

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"Overwhelmingly," said Miss Anonymoncule, "and in spite of Miss Laurette Taylor's great charm, lovely clothes, and witty remarks. It was an absolute vindication of the Junior League's ability to remain uninfluenced by these factors, supposedly all-convincing to women, and to judge solely on logic."

"But didn't Miss Taylor show that all the logic and sense of the question were on her side?" demanded the Doctor.

"Not at all, for you see Doctor," said Miss Anonymoncule sweetly, "they weren't. In fact Miss Taylor's conclusions were that a woman should be allowed to do exactly as she chose, and go by any name she pleased; for she said that she was sure a woman was far better fitted to be an influence for good in the community if allowed to have her own way about everything. That was the principle she endorsed."

"But wasn't this meeting called a debate?" asked Angelicus with a trace of sarcasm. "Apparently, one of the things in which we should allow women to have their own sweet way is to call, if they choose, two speeches defending the same premise, a debate. I suppose they find such an arrangement pleasanter than two able presentations of both sides to a question. But I forget myself. To a woman, there is only one side to a question—and that is, as Miss Taylor demonstrated, having her own way."

"As soon as you accept this theory docilely, you will be happier," said Miss Anonymoncule. "I recommend to you the view taken by Frank Crowninshield, who with Ethel Barrymore and Alice Duer Miller, was one of the judges. Mr. Crowninshield said that he had never married because he was sure that if he had, his wife would not only have called herself anything she pleased, but in addition would have called him anything she pleased."

"But what about Miss Hale's speech?" asked the Editor.

"Well, I admit she confused me a little when she stated at first that the Lucy Stone League was not fighting for the legal right of a woman to retain her maiden name after marriage, but for the social right. Then later, when asked 'what is the etiquette of the League in the matter of addressing invitations to a man and his wife,' she said that one thing that the Lucy Stone League was not concerned with was etiquette."

"Did the Junior League members themselves contribute anything to the topic?" asked Primus Criticus.

"Well," replied Miss Anonymoncule half-heartedly, "one said that she felt it a great injustice that one was always able to classify at once a woman as married or unmarried by the title of Mrs. or Miss, but that one was never able to determine, except by rudely asking, whether a man was married or not. This she found a great handicap to her approach shots."

"Did she offer any suggestions toward removing it?" asked the Editor.

"She said she thought it would be an excellent idea if all unmarried men should be called 'Master,' and all married men, 'Mr.,'" explained Miss Anonymoncule.

"Exactly," snorted Angelicus. "Naturally she would not have a married man called master. Those good, sweet women who looked upon their husbands in that light have passed away."

"Yes," said the Editor reflectively. "I remember my friend, Thomas Johnson, who, arriving at a New York hotel, asked his wife to register while he looked after the luggage. When he came back to the desk, and looked at the register, he read —'Mrs. Thomas Johnson, and husband.'"

"Well, what was the matter with that?" asked Miss Anonymoncule, innocently.

—THE LIBRARIAN.

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